

JANUARY 1982 B.P. \$3.50

JIM KERR EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

MENTALS
BACK IN OZ

TIM FINN
AT 30.

THE
BEAUTIFUL
REELS

Come On Kevin!

An interview with
Kevin Rowlands
of Dexy's Midnight
Runners.

NEW CABARET IN AUSTRALIA

IVAN LENDL
TENNIS' RISING
STAR

AFRICA BEAT

Travels in Gambia and King Sunny Ade

Plus: Films, Style, Fiction, The New Beatniks, Instruments, Oz Albums '82.



Merry Christmas and Happy 1983

SX FM
RADIO 107

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MIDNIGHT IN

The House, London.

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FUNK



The Psychedelic Furs.

A Bit of Forever, Now.

A phone call's as good as seeing an act for a Furs roundup I gave. Its I am in New York, a pop in Melbourne. I'm hanging out for dinner, and no doubt Tim Butler's in need of some sleep, but, it's to be a conversation nevertheless. Before the bells, I'm pondering why most of the stuff I've read lately has been kept bogged down on five year old questions, like "Why 'Psychedelic'?" and equally disconcerting detail. Well I mean, at long last, P.F. have an album out that should poignantly evoke the music, and the fans are coming out in January, fresh on the crest, bounding on to even greater heights.

Tim does sound a little battered but says he's O.K., "just the bass player" indeed. They've just finished their last performance in New York, at Radio City — went well apparently. A solid three weeks of rehearsal starts next, in preparation for the Australasian leg of the tour, a major date being the Sweetman Festival in N.Z. Tim's quite excited with the prospect. They've had the

Top 10 singles in the Land of the Long White Cloud and *Forever Now* is already doing well there.

I ask about the state of the band, general feelings, lineup, the usual gaff. Things on the Furs' part have been quite tense, but the last conflict has left an air of ease on its wake. Touring's getting better, band members are getting along surprisingly well and all is set for a period of healthy growth. Apart from the case of Tim on bass, Richard Butler on vocals and John Ashton on guitar, the touring band includes a cellist, a new sax player, a keyboard player, and the latest addition of interest, Phil Calvert (ex-Bastardy Party) on drums/percussion. The rehearsal period will be the first chance the new team will have to get down to some writing, in fact the new shape out. Tim describes Phil as "not at all good, with some weird sounding rhythms coming across things," but seems pleased at the prospect. I want about after hearing "Forever Now" as the first

Todd Rundgren?" Pure collaboration, I'd be quite chafing at the bit to hear what Todd's transparent production could bring out of this new combination.

On the question of the recent vinyl effort, the matter of standard changes comes up (*Parade of Man* being full of the broken brass). More than previous songs, these have quite simply been written from the changes out, keeping Richard's rambling phrase listings in a minimum. "The earlier stuff was more abstract, but you should talk to Richard about that."

Things keep swinging back to the upcoming tour, with a strange set of references to Tina's curiosity about the layout of Australian cities. He wants to know if everything's as square as in the U.S., or more interestingly structured, like London. As usual, he has the impression that this is quite a "hard" place, and relative to Britain, or even the States, it could well be. The impression will probably be helped along with Phil Calvert's impending engagements, to be celebrated during the tour. "Is chance for a good pass-up?"

On the final leg of the conversation, The very clearly echoes Jan Kerr's sentiments about breaking there in the U.K. and the U.S., radio-wise. "People are starting to listen more and more, and it's just been mounting over the last five years and three albums. And now it's starting to break there these barriers, where people that never took any notice are having to, because of the sheer pressure." In the U.S., the College radio network has been the key to a wider audience, and at last that's starting to rub the Pace down the "small time" record of recognition to the more widespread "international" level that bands like Temple of the Dog and Human League now hold, at least for the somewhat work on Bay the record, catch the tour, and so for the superlives, time will tell.

TYRONE FLY



The Saints have just completed their "Return of the Son of Gregg" tour. But it looks like Chris Bailey and bass player Janine Hall will be playing in the country for at least a little while longer. The tour certainly lived up to its name with Bailey spending just about all his



"We're pretty pissed off with a lot of music being played around, especially funk bands. They've just taken that rhythmic idea, simplified it and made it dead and boring to the point where there is no energy."

It was this disgruntled feeling, shared by seven musicians which led to the formation of Great White Noise, according to the band's drummer, John Gillies.

Great White Noise are musically linked with jazz, but play like few groups you're likely to encounter at jazz haunts like The Paradox Jazz Cellar or The Basement.

Groups like Bill The King and the now London based Laughing Clowns have also been noted for their passion for jazz, but Great White Noise are a lot purer.

The sound is fresh and spontaneous with a subtle underbelly that can go from funk to jazz.

from the melody to the electronics, music about coming to my mind and come back to rest. It's a nice change.

The group has no racialist, no semblance of a prescribed limitation to their music and an almost offhand approach to a performance. John Gillies assures me that Great White Noise don't expect an audience of well-informed jazzists ready to tolerate and compliment alike.

Great White Noise means a lot of things, really it's a lot confused. "Categories don't seem important."

Often found playing in small city pubs, Great White Noise assemble themselves a lot like an orchestra. There's saxophone, alto and tenor saxophone, trumpet, guitar, bass and drums.

The members originally come from Rosemead, Brisbane, the Isle of Man and New Zealand, and now call Sydney their musical home.

Roscoe Sheehan



spare little to the pub. The tour kicked off with a wild party at the North Sydney offices of Ogilvy and Mather, the large advertising agency, where the Saints played a loud and enthusiastic set on a gravel floored balcony above the traffic (shades of 'Let It Be').



Chris Bailey in interview poses. Photos: John Hoffmann



YA YA CHORAL

I found an ordered run of the mill eight-track studio, sans recording the built-up domestic scenery of the M-Squared office and adjacent living area. An individual street, Jarry Hills Sydney (the purpose resembles all others in this office that of idiosyncratic work). YA YA CHORAL have the means of artistic production firmly in their grasp and the necks in which to twist the con sequences. The unfailingly hooded banner of vision the tape shows M-Squared should at least be lowered for the enterprise. YA YA CHORAL comprise Fiona Graham on Keyboards and Vocals, Patrick Gibson on Keyboards, Rhythm Box and Vocals, and Michael Tse on Keyboards, Guitar, Vocals, and Instrumental Band.

TC — Visual scenes from two minutes concerning your music. One impression is there is a lot of purely decorative music, however a niggling amount of depth and substance going the back from deliriously 4 on the way. Unsubstantiated is this rhythm and melody are you, releasing an overall effect on the audience or something?

It's a lighter, airy, and leads to general musical joy and happiness?

PATRICK — It has a few spots today. It's soft because it's soft. It's personal because we thought about it. You defined it very well.

MICHAEL — One of the rhythms everybody can tap their feet to it.

PATRICK — We all like melody too. I suppose it's decorative in the sense that it goes off an atmosphere of feel.

MICHAEL — Did you get much feeling off of the EP or was it just something like it up the road?

TC — I got a very warm feeling from it. A very personal feeling.

PATRICK — We are nice people, aren't we?

MICHAEL — I guess we are. We've got no complaint for the world so that would round itself in the music.

Pat RICK — I suppose the decorative in the sense that it isn't functional.

MICHAEL — Yeah. You don't play to forget your 4 Roadrunner

rock off.

PATRICK — Or you don't play it to get angry at the government or something.

TC — When's the perfect time to play your music?

PATRICK — In the shower.

HONA — We haven't got a shower.

PATRICK — Because we made it for our own enjoyment and hopefully for the enjoyment of other people. I suppose you can play it when you want to enjoy yourself.

TC — Do you think YA YA CHORAL would have surfaced if M-Squared never existed? Is the development of your music linked together with under the M-Squared umbrella?

PATRICK — If M-Squared never existed I would have probably never met Michael Tse and Michael Tse would have never met Fiona.

MICHAEL — That's one good thing M-Squared could possibly become if some of the bands on the label don't strictly come up with the goods they may learn new combinations with other musicians on the label. It signifies that M

new york comes to sydney AGAIN.

A Revolution in Sydney Real Estate! Brand New Left Style Apartments! New York Living Comes To Sydney? So run the pampers, so it must be.

Hayes of Mosman are offering apartments in the heart of East Sydney — "They're dynamic, they're exciting" — a revamped four storey building two blocks from Hyde Park. On the corner of Crown Street and Stanley Street, amidst Cafe Society (Puggo's, Bill & Toni's etc), a major thoroughfare, the squarer's domain and a warm-red light district — New York!

Clayton Hays (sorry, left), have been sold already. These apartments offer an open-style gourmet style kitchen, a large raised

Squared could well become an important breeding ground.

TC — Do you find that Australian audiences are generally resistant to such some sort of stigma to electronic bands?

PATRICK — We haven't played to Australian audiences in years.

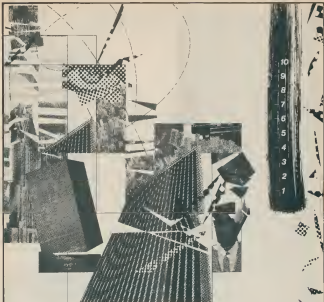
TC — Could you play to Australian audiences in general?

PATRICK — I don't know. If they see the humour in it then maybe we could.

MICHAEL — I think that what helps us is that we don't approach it like Barry Manilow, or anybody like that who has attached this image of robots of the future sent back to the twentieth century to play electronic music. I think if only people realised just how accessible it is to a sense of having a rhythm box or synthesizer when compared to buying a guitar or getting a drummer. Less hassles of sound and getting to the realization that it's not a cerebral work or what ever, just because we are doing different music events. Then I think we would become more accessible.

sleeping area overlooking the apartment, a living room (a sort of off-gourmet kitchen, cum dining room), and a private bathroom/kitchen. Out-swinging veranda is optional. Priced between \$97,995 and \$21,000, they're a steal.

Just walk the red carpet into New York, and check out the avant-garde interiors — why there's a David Hockney print of Celia and there's a David Vogel! Perhaps the hapless correspondent New York Way has already let your imagination three-bedrooms (bunk room!) Don't be disturbed! Left-style apartments need left-style paintings.



MIDNIGHT OIL



New Album Now Available



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I WOULDN'T ADVOCATE WANDERING AROUND SLAUGHTERING GOATS . . ."

Bruce Dickinson, Maiden's Iron Lungsman

Since the days of Deep Purple, Black Sabbath, Uriah Heep and others, there have been many bands trying to follow up the footsteps. Most have failed, and it's only recently that Heavy Metal has started to make a comeback in America. One of the few to be given to English band, Iron Maiden, who have refused to reach their goals and done things their way to achieve their current success.

The 24-year-old frontman, Bruce Dickinson, has only been with the band since September of last year, replacing Paul Di'Anno who left because of personal problems which stemmed from being on the road too long. "He wasn't really into the kind of music that the band was playing. That obviously screws you up if you're on the road for six months doing something that you don't want to do."

Before joining Maiden, Bruce was with a band called Samson, after having college in the summer of '79. "I haven't always wanted to be a singer though. When I was 14 I passionately wanted to be a drummer. I'd just got told of Deep Purple in Rock, it was like the greatest

thing music could be — still is actually. I really wanted to be able to play the drums like Ian Pease who was then Deep Purple's drummer. But — that was never to be."

Since its beginning, Heavy Metal has been linked with David Warner and the Black Arts movement. With albums like *The Number of the Beast*, Iron Maiden are continuing the connection. I asked Bruce what he thought of the link. "I think it's a load of rubbish. As far as my beliefs go that I have, I wouldn't advocate wandering around slaughtering goats or stuff like that. But, at the same time, I don't think you have to be involved in Heavy Metal or anything else to see that there are elements of the supernatural that people don't understand fully. And obviously there are things that happen that people can't explain or identify that people possess which are not explicable by our rational science. I'm not a worshipper of devil or a practitioner of the Black Arts, and neither is anybody in the band at all. It's a quest for a bit of publicity, but the thing is that we didn't even believe it. Our albums are about as



...which is a good *Thriller* move!"

John Hoffmann

In an idle moment I dodged the pile of local albums I've acquired this year and I made a personal top ten. Zoo's debut *Cowboys and Indians* was very close to the top of my list.

It came as a surprise then to find that editors of rock magazines, like me included, hadn't been on Zoo's dance.

The reason for the media aversion stems from the problems Zoo have had over their name, their image and their connections. The fact that the original four members continued in the face of media contempt and public apathy and were able to make an outstanding album is interesting.

The appearance of Pop Mechanics in Sydney with a CBS contract and the single *Jumping Out A Window* brought a Sydney band with a very similar name jumping out of the closet waving legal documents.

The name changed to NZ Pop and Rock, like *Moscow* was ignored by commercial radio. Again there were no golden eggs.

NZ Pop were the successful band in town. Andrew Speed left in frustration to join Phil Judd and fledgling *Bumpers*.

The name changed to Zoo and the album went ahead. Andrew's voice was removed and Paul's replaced it.

Kiss It Up, the first single from the album, had unacceptably been totally ignored.

Moscow was *Demolition*, dreamy, melodic and whiffy. *Pop* was bright and jumpy. *Kiss It Up* has a reggae or with a melodramatic *glitch* house reggae. Paul Speed's voice is not 8/10edrunner



until Bob Geldof's *Private History*, the single due in January, is a glorious uplifting anti-war anthem and one of the songs Andrew Speed didn't want to do.

But why in the face of it all odds, do they persist? Paul: "We enjoy it. It obviously got to Andrew. But, the fact is that when we started we enjoyed sitting around and writing songs

And then we played live and it's very hard to explain to people who haven't played live, but you have one of those nights where it's like a series of frozen moments, everything else, record contracts, the press, are subsidiary to the whole motivation of being in a band and enjoying playing music.

Arch Brown

ZOO

singles

SINGLES

Culture Club: Do You Really Want To Hurt Me? (Virgin)
An achingly poignant British No. 1 which seems destined to go all the way here too. Roy Castle is the finest and most extreme case of androgynous British pop star, but given the fact he's been in the UK 11 gets the feeling that this is the only 15 minutes of fame he's likely to enjoy. Still, it's a lovely song.

Human League: Mirror Man (Virgin)
Vega success always raises follow-up problems. The Human League have opted for consolidation rather than innovation with a Temla-Motown (sounding) uptempo newbender, complete with falsetto harmonies by the girls. Different enough to sound fresh but not too radical a departure from past glories. *Mirror Man* does its job well.

Sacred Cowboys: Nothing Grows In Texas (Wildcat Label)
Immediately reminiscent of early Modells, which isn't too much of a surprise as Sacred Cowboys boast the Modells' early rhythm section Mark Byrne and Jane Fiedershtein. The song fits along its authentic Cowboy fashion with a rattling ring and catchy chorus. Pure twelvetouness.

Paul Carrack: I Need You (Pepo)
Warm and soulful solo single from the ex-Squeeze keyboard player with help from drinking mates Dave Edmunds, Nick Lowe and Martin Belmont. Musically it's pure and wonderful. Temla, vocally, well Carrack proved on Squeeze's 'Twisted' that he can croon soul with the best of them and his Smokey Robinson inspired effort here is nothing short of wonderful. Deserves to be a hit.

Dinosaur: Science Fiction (Chrysalis)
Pummeling drums carry the message of rocky-drink kept-volets and (true love) vocal inflections. Chrysalis' little girl vocal sounds like they've been influenced by her on-stage costume. A disappointment.

Die Dancin' Boys: 'Drug Dancin' (Independent)
Adelaide-based Birthday Party cloned debut single. Unfortunately the Birthday boys have already worked this name dry.

Young Harbinger: She's A Girl (Rough Diamond)
Irrepressible pop song, vibrant chorusharmonies all that stuff, with a flourish not a million miles removed from Paul Kelly. Commercial at best though, and should hit high.

Donald Robertson

debut in the 70s, and now even more so in the 1980s. 'New Women In Rock' contains their histories and achievements as they faced their struggle to a seemingly impossible success. But — at the same time, it proves that there is no longer a barrier between men and women in rock and roll, as women have overcome what was once there, and are now as competent as many of today's leading male stars and enjoy equal status.

This book, compiled by various writers, would make an interesting reading for any rock fan. It also contains a wide selection of colour and black and white photos on 116 pages and a complete discography of all the artists included.

Jodi Holliman



On Stage: Belle Stars
Photo by Tony Taylor

The Belle Stars are an all-female seven piece whose debut 45, the infectious 'Clapping Song' seems poised for summer chart success. Formed in London two years ago from the ashes of 2-tone group the Rockysnatchers (who had a minor hit with 'Do the Rock Steady') the new aggregation combined ska, soul, funk and pop into a highly danceable musical concoction. Record company interest was immediate and strong and the Belle Stars signed with Silt Records four months after they formed.

Despite support spots with Madness, the Clash, the Police, the Beat, Postenders and Elvis Costello, it wasn't until their fourth single, 'No No' earlier this year that the Belle Stars showed up in the British charts, but 'Clapping Song' and the follow up 'Workingmen' have both done well there.

Roadrunner 7

NEW WOMEN IN ROCK

(Omnibus Press)
The Shattering and sometimes hammering truth has been unveiled about female Rock Stars in a colourful paperback revealed through Omnibus Press.
All you ever wanted to know about female singers — and more — is all here in 'New Women In Rock'. Some of the names include Blondie, Nina Hagen, Run, Beth Orton, O'Connor, Joan Jet and Grace Jones. There are just a handful of over 20 women whose careers have been traced in this book.
Women have managed to make their mark in the previously male-dominated rock in



Beautiful

That the Reels have never had massive popular success is perhaps one of the great injustices in Australian music over the past ten years. Despite critical acclaim of the highest order and a string of classic pop songs, stunning live performances and an attitude of equal parts fun, intelligence and subtlety, the Reels have never really cracked it.

Well, all that may be just about to change. In what could be seen as a 'sell out' (whatever that means) of the highest magnitude or a piece of inspired strategy, the Reels have recorded an album of straight MOR covers called *'Beautiful'*. *Three Guys In Love With You* is only the tip of the iceberg, as *'Beautiful'* contains slow reverential versions of 'The Last Waltz', 'He'll Have To Go', 'Where Is The Love', 'La Mer' and other evergreens. What's more, although the Reels signed with RCA at the beginning of 1982, *'Beautiful'* is released on the K-Tel label, and is being marketed just like any other of that company's 'TV Special' releases.

What gives? David Mason called into the ROADRUNNER office to explain.

RM — Well David, tell me when you first had the idea for this beautiful record.

DM — When I had the idea? Well, it's been an idea for a long time, ever since we started. We always wanted to make a K-Tel album. It wasn't till we did *Three Guys*. But we thought, well, it worked so wonderfully, that we thought, this is the best time for us to do it. Let's do it. Get it out of our system.

RM — And how did you go about choosing the material?

DM — Well, we all sat around and brought in our favourite records and worked out whether it was beautiful enough. If the structure was beautiful, everything had to pass the beautiful standard. Otherwise we wouldn't accept it.

RM — What is the 'beautiful' standard — can you define it?

DM — It had that really strong melodic melody. Where verses, chorus and bridge worked. The chord structures had to be beautiful to the ear. No clashing chords. Generally, it didn't matter. The more crashes, the better. There's all the standards.

8 Roadrunner



David Mason. Photo: Josh Holliman

RM — Who brought in *La Mer*, was that Simon?

DM — Simon says. He used to sing it with his sister when he was a kid, he said. That was a last minute one.

RM — Why do a slowed down version of *For The Love*? Did you feel that was your most beautiful song to date?

DM — No, cos we were playing it live for so long. And we had to get out even together in there somehow. So we had to get some of our songs in there.

RM — Did you ever consider perhaps putting arranging a lot of your other songs? Is that

way? Doing it that way instead of doing covers?

DM — It was going to be ball covers — ball our stuff. Then we decided not to do that. It wasn't K-Tel's idea, to do all sweet versions. Even though it sounds like it would be.

RM — How has it been working with K-Tel? What's different between them, and say — RCA or Polygram?

DM — Well, the three of them are all really different. K-Tel are very straight compared to the others. Which I sort of like in fact, because they're sort of more down to earth. In other words, we sort of got a grip on their heads about

Reels

being K-Tel too

RR — From lack of credibility?

DM — Yeah. That sort of thing. Like — that's a K-Tel record, ha ha ha. And they feel really bad. They're got this complex about it, which they're trying to overcome.

RR — Any idea how many they expect to sell — K-Tel?

DM — I don't know, 100,000 probably.

RR — A lot more than any of your other albums have done, isn't it?

DM — Yeah, but it's a lot more open album. It's aimed to a bigger market. It's not aimed to a rock market so to speak. Whatever a rock market is. It's aimed to kids and to everybody.

RR — What do you think of a 45-year-old married couple will think of it when they buy it? If they buy it.

DM — I don't really know, 'cos I'm not 45 or married and living in suburban, but I think they'd like it. If they have a nice little intimate dinner for 2, sitting around listening to it, you know. They'd probably get into it. I don't know. It's hard to say.

DM — So do, oh it was easy, it took us 30 days to do it.

RR — And what about all the negotiations and all that kind of thing?

DM — Well, that sort of all fell into place.

RR — Once you'd actually done it?

DM — Yeah. We did Tim Cup, and we took that to K-Tel and said — this is what the album is gonna sound like and that was it. They went for it, they didn't want to know anything else, just gave us the album that sounds like that and we'll be happy. So we did.

RR — It does sound as though you had a fair degree of control over it.

DM — That's one of the things with peeing. RCA, they've given us freedom and they're amenable to our ideas and marketing and all strategies and stuff.

RR — What about on stage? What sort of instruments do you use? Are you using tapes?

DM — Yeah, tapes and keyboards. I sing, mainly, I play keyboards on a couple of songs and Greg plays bass, guitar and keyboards. Stefan plays drums and keyboards and then

that, we didn't want that album, we wanted other tracks that we recorded on it, rather than the singles. A lot of it didn't go our way, but still, overall, it's still quite a successful album. It's still in the alternative charts in Melbourne, which is good. It's gone up to number 5, it was number 1. It just stays there, it's been hanging there for two years.

RR — That's kind of the gist of what I was getting at. There are a lot of people out there that really really like the Reels music. But not enough to make you really rich.

DM — I think lack of exposure has got a lot to do with that. Commercial radio acceptance, commercial television acceptance. Which probably the Beautiful Music album might change a little bit, I don't know. A lot of the commercial stations think it's too hard for them to play now. Instead of it being too slow, now it's too acceptable. So what can you do? It used to worry me a bit, doesn't worry me any more because we know that we'll just keep on going anyway. It doesn't matter what people think, or if they buy it or don't buy it. Even if we lose our record company, we'd just form our own. It's not a problem. We can still keep on going, no matter what happens. It's basically up to the band, if they still want to go if the band doesn't want to keep on going, it's got any less than the 3 pence, I don't think we'd carry on.

RR — Well, what do you think about being in this music industry at the moment, with it being so depressed?

DM — I don't know. We're sort of writing everything out so that we can survive in this sort of environment. It's probably harder for

DONALD INTERVIEWS DAVID

RR — It's a great hang-over music.

DM — Is it?

RR — Yeah, I had a stagger at a hang-over the other day, and I put it on.

DM — It worked you right out. Well, that's good, that means it's working.

RR — I take it that the album is a special project, sort of a tangent to the main thrust of your career. Would that be an accurate assumption?

DM — Every year we want to do a project like this whether it be a Beautiful Music album or whatever. But put out something different as well as peeing, and a Reels product. I suppose we'd probably keep in the form of the Reels. I don't know, I hope so. I'm sort of toying with a Christmas album for next year and we're also toying with gospel music. It's sort of open, we can do whatever we want. The whole world is open really if you want to get into that sort of thing.

RR — In a way, when the band started, you started out as a normal sort of rock band doing the normal sort of rock thing, but that gradually seems to have dissolved and crumbled away as you've sort of expanded out in all sorts of directions.

DM — Yeah, we sort of think that we're actually doing something new. It's sort of hard for us to believe that this actually pulled off. And that we can do these things.

RR — Was it harder than you thought it would be?

We'll probably expand on that too. We might use Stefan playing a lot of guitar for his song, say. In any of course, which is a damn well getting him out the front and doing things. Swapping roles is really sweet. I quote like that. If we can keep our interest going and keep on doing different things, then we can last longer. Cos we won't get bored and if we expand ourselves and our various competences into working for us, we can keep on going as long as they make money for us.

RR — What do you think about — going back to the past again, are you at all annoyed or angry that you, even though you've had great critical acclaim with the music that you've done in the past, that you're nearly totally bad.

DM — Record sales? In a way, a lot of that is our fault.

RR — In what way can it be your fault?

DM — With the first album, a lot of it was our fault. We miscalculated a lot in the studio. We'd been too adventurous, probably on that album. Then Polygram really fucked it up for us in the marketing sense and in pushing the album. And it was my fault, cos I'd had mislaid the album to the press. Which didn't help. But now looking back at it I think it should have sold less more than it did. It could have been a really big seller, that album. The marketing behind it, there was a big argument between the band and the record company. Like, we didn't want to call it

major bands, then for new bands.

RR — With all the overheads and everything?

DM — Yeah, it's really hard to go on the road. The first that we start about \$10,000 a week, getting paid for gigs, and that's working 5-7 nights a week. And it's coming up \$5000 to run the show, so we make a \$5000 profit. Then that all gets dispersed into percentages to managers and that sort of thing. So we don't end up with hardly anything. And then we're paying off so much gear, so we end up with nothing really. As long as we can still survive, that's the main thing. \$5000 a week is just ridiculous. I get paid \$100 a week.

RR — Have you written any song of your own recently?

DM — I've written one. By myself. I find it very hard to write now, mainly 'cos my standards have gone up so much. The Beautiful Music album is sort of, made me realize a few things about songs. A whole sort of format of writing a pop song, has gone down the drain for me.

RR — That's strange, 'cos I mean, this year to me, seems to be the heyday of the pop song. With people like Hot Chocolate and ABC.

RR — But it's all formula pop.

RR — I wouldn't call ABC formula.

DM — Oh! Don't! Come on. I wouldn't call Hot Chocolate formula. ABC are better. Horrible. Bunch of cretins.

RR — You really don't like them?

DM — Oh I love them! They're really great musicians. Their marketing is just fantastic. They're a great example of doing everything right except for the songs. I mean, the songs are really good, but they're just so formula. You know?

RR — How do you mean?

DM — They've got all these pop weaknesses together and then guys writing the songs, they're just rip-offs — one line from here and another line from another song and sticking it all together. It's like getting a computer and writing 10 songs, putting 5 songs in there and saying — right, now bundle them all up together and write into a song.

I like the way ABC market their stuff. They've really got these heads together and I think bands need all three to be that way now. Bands have got to be more than just musical groups. If you're just gonna be a musical group then you can play around Darlinghurst all you like or whatever, just play to your friends. And put out your little independent records that sell \$500. That's a \$500 copier, that's really good. But when you want to survive, I think it's a different matter altogether. And make a living and a career for yourself. Specially a career that you like. If I didn't like doing what I do then it would be a waste of time. But now if you want to make a career, you've got to think about survival and money

and stuff like that. But I think we're on the right track with the 3 pieces. And using the computers and everything.

RR — So what computers did you use? Is the whole album done on computers?

DM — Yeah, this album is 100% you're probably hearing it. The Chinese song, it's all computer.

RR — Is that a Chinese cover version?

DM — Yeah, it's a Chinese cover version, 1958 or something. The thing with the 3 of us too, is that there's not much production in the studio. One song I don't play on. At all. And there are a couple of songs that Stefan doesn't play on. Craig being the main instrumentalist and mainly in charge of music, plays an most things. There's a couple of things he doesn't play on, it's a just computer, a Fairlight — which actually plays the music in sequence how you want it. So that cuts down our recording costs as well. Because you've got an 11 piece band, you know 8 of them are on computer, and it's all one tape. If it was a band, you'd have to spend hours and hours getting that part down on a tape and it's good that you get it clear and clean, sound too.

RR — It's a very slow album in a lot of ways.

DM — Yeah, well we pick the songs and we've got the sounds of them and we play around with the feel. We just use a Fairlight. This *Gypsies In Love With You* is almost the exact tempo of classic, the single at 18. The

album, my voice is real about 17.5.

RR — So is that any kind of problem when you're producing a live?

DM — With songs like, *Last Night I Didn't Get To Sleep At All*, *Where Is The Love*, which I sing very low on record. I have to sing low live, which is a bit of a hassle. With the live stuff too, we're just starting, so we're got to up date and perfect them too. Just then playing 4 times we know what mistakes we've made.

RR — So how flexible is the show? Will you take it on the road for an extended period?

DM — The idea is to get a show that we can play for a long period of time, that's way on, so people don't even notice that we've got tapes. And we've got the tapes sitting right in front of us, it's just sitting there.

We're being really honest about it. The only thing with the tapes and the computers is that it takes you right away from rock and roll. And we're finding that our whole act is becoming really dubby. Very obvious, in lots of ways. To me it is pop music, it's what pop music should have always been, and not pop bands making pop records and then going out and being a rock and roll band. For me, it's the first time it's ever worked for us that we're a pop band on record, and we're a pop band on stage as well. It's great. It's just like being on Countdown. For an hour and a half. Basically.

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The Laughing Clowns have just released a compilation album in the UK. It is similar to the *Heroes of Blood/Heads of Fear* compilation that was released in Australia last year. The Clowns recently toured Scotland with the Birthday Party and are currently touring England with the Fall. Expect them back in April.

Gawron Band album *'Spot Of Peace'* debuted at No. 1 on the DRY album chart. Anyone remember the last time that happened for an Australian band's debut album?

3UUU FM will be broadcasting a radio play by James Griffin, lead singer and songwriter for Sydney band, The Agents, sometime in mid January. The play is called *Rumours and Whispers* and features the voices of Angela Webber and Adam Brown, with songs by James Griffin.

Fun to watch out for in early '83 is *Party Peep*, an account of a New Year's Eve party that gets rather out of control. The soundtrack album, recently released by Festival, features well known people like Dave Edmunds, Madonna, Bananarama, Sting and Midge Ure doing cover versions of pop evergreens (Bananarama doing the Pistols' *No Feelings*!).

Chrysalis debut album *Desperate* released on Chrysalis on January 19th, produced in New York by Mark Opitz with Bob Clearmountain mixing.

FACT Andy Summers of the Police, and Robert Fripp, who have just collaborated on an album of guitar music, *I Advance Masked*, were rival teenage England guitar heroes in their home town of Bournemouth.

Shame Shameless due to complaints that *'Derek and Clive'* are obscene, all records featuring the Peter Cook and Dudley Moore characters will be deleted by their distributor on 21st January. Stock up now!

The Church, back home after a successful European assault, will record their third album in January prior to performances at the Navas Festival, north of Sydney and the Sweetwater Festival in New Zealand.

Exhibit A, ex-Artists and Dancers combo have their first single *Calypso* released by Ocean Records in early January. The single was co produced by Tony Cohen (Bellefleur

Party, Models etc) and the band will be doing a tour of psychiatric hospitals in Feb. money prior to some more 'normal' performances around Sydney (true!).

A fascinating study of the lost tapes of Log-



LAUGHING CLOWNS
London

Photo by
Joe Holzer

The Numbers



don't have the Times described *Rough Cut and Really Robbed* a film which began a two week session at the Paddington Town Hall Cinema on January 1st. Originally shot on Super 8 by two enterprising 20 year old Linn donors, it's now in 16mm. Featured in the film are John Peel, Salt Licks Pingers, A Certain Ratio, and Sham 69. On the same bill are two short films on the Models and the Beatings, which using interviews, live performance and animation examines aspects of the groups relationship with the music industry. Also commencing a three week session at the Paddock is *Warning: An Illusion!* a contemporary film about black life in Britain. It concerns a young black woman, Pat, who becomes an ambivalent militant as a result of her experiences with the legal and prison processes.

Womers and Collectors recently signed a release deal for the UK and Europe with Virgin Records. Virgin are to release an album by the band, comprising most of their Australian debut release, plus some tracks from their new E.P. *Playland* in January. The band fly to England for 4 months in mid-January and according to percussion man Craig Parsons, will probably base themselves in Hamburg for a while after that.

The Numbers, whose record contract with Deface Records has now expired, are playing two again with a line up of Chris and Annabelle Morrow (drumcor), Craig Givens (vocals of Spy vs. Spy on bass Marcus Pheasant, one of Drive New Works on guitar and one time drummer Simon Wilson behind the kit. The band plans to record in January.





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PIE-LESS ACROSS AMERICA

by Patricia Sheehan

Greedy & Reg
chronicle the
recent Mentals
travel saga

Greedy Smith and Peg Membrane of famous Australian band Mental As Anything, also telling me that the band members are now officially citizens of the world.

The beds we lose are fresh from the United States of America and do I mean fresh.

Unperturbed, enthusiastic — just as lively as ever, and playing as well as ever.

But then again they were only supporting that other famous Australian brand: *Manual*. At \$600 a

Canada: We split up with Men At Work for a week and did some shows in Chicago, Detroit, New York and Wisconsin, and then it was back to Toronto and Montreal where we sang Les's Code in French. The journey continued to Asolo, Florida, Gaines and finally back to LA.

100

We worked it out. We covered 80 thousand miles during the 2 month 2 day tour.

Most of the time we travelled in this beautiful piece of junk called a *Winnipeg* — a sort of a mini-bus with a few beds along

Eating, sleeping and driving — that's all you need!

"Yeah, there wasn't much of a crowd to see anything. Rag Carter's. What we were in New York for two nights, and a lot of squabbles all the nightlong into the afternoon because we didn't get up till 11 o'clock."

The Mental's return was reduced to one week, and they moved.

Greedy Smith says people seemed to like it but compared the band's sound to Lynyrd Skynyrd 1970's *Sweet Home Alabama* and *Muddy Jaws*.

It never occurred to me. But I suppose there are some vague similarities between us and Lewis Spoonful," says Mr. Minchew.

All sorts of people come to me or historically get a straight average post audience ratings in their mid 20's. But I just didn't think we been coming to the show. In those

As for the record's success, there really is good reason to expect nothing to happen. America is such a place with so many bands and so many albums. But since we all we heard his album is really picking up on radio stations.

The album was called *If You Love Me, Can I Come Up and Meet All of Your Dogs and Cats?* *Myx* are Getting Bigger and I Didn't Mean To Be Mean.

Reg and Greedy agree that Leri's profits need to get back.



Yoshioka was particularly concerned about the models and the training methods for the neural networks. He said that the models were too simple and the training methods were too complicated. He said that the models were too simple because they did not take into account the fact that the data was not perfectly balanced. He said that the training methods were too complicated because they required a lot of hyperparameter tuning. He said that he wanted to see if he could develop a model that was both simple and effective, and a training method that was both easy to use and effective.

1997. *Journal of the American Statistical Association* 92: 1009–1020.

[illegible]

And the **AP** is **not** talking about the
biggest **and** **best** **idea** **in** **the** **world**.

[illegible]

From there we walked to a small, private LA car park — it was actually the second company's car park. That was how in Seattle. From that point we travelled by road — up to Vancouver and eventually to

THE SPORTS

THE SPORTS
News News

ALL THEIR HITS!
16 TRACKS

SIDE ONE
BOYS! (WHAT DID THE DETECTIVE SAY)
WALK IN THE ROOM (PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED VERSION)
RECKLESS (PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED VERSION)
DON'T THROW STONES
SUSPICIOUS MINDS
LIVE WORK AND PLAY
BIG SLEEP
WHO LISTENS TO THE RADIO

SIDE TWO
WEDDING RING (PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED VERSION)
THE LOST AND THE LONELY
PERHAPS
STRANGERS ON A TRAIN
BLACK STOCKINGS (FOR CHELSEA)
BLUE HEARTS
STOP THE BABY TALKING
HOW COME



ARROGANT? EGOCENTRIC? INSPIRED? OH YES.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Kevin Rowlands of Dexy's Midnight Runners.

Dexy's Midnight Runner's exploded onto the British rock circus in 1980 with a look, an attitude and some tough, exciting reworked R&B/soul. Singer, songwriter and visionary Kevin Rowlands immediately became the focus of media attention, but distained talking to the 'dishonest happy music press', preferring instead to release 'statements' which EMI, his record company of the time, paid to have inserted in the said music papers.

A picture emerged of Rowlands as a hard man. The angels Dexy's left him, claiming he was driving them into the ground. Unfazed, he replaced them and did a tour of

Britain called the 'Prepared Passion Tour', complete with change of costume, which ended with a series of dates at London's famous Old Vic Theatre.

This year he added three fillies, The Emerald Express, to the line-up and started incorporating elements of funk music into Dexy's soul line. The clothes changed again, to overalls, sweats and boots.

'Come on Kevs!' was released and shot to the top of the charts. The album 'Too-Krazy' did likewise. Rowlands started talking to the press.

Even on the telephone, Rowlands' impatience and barely concealed contempt for the interview process shone through. His mood swung wildly from cordiant politeness to passionate declarations of intent. Any attempt to get him to analyse his music was met by cold rebuttal. Average? Definitely. Egoistic? For sure. Insured? Oh yes. Ladies and gentlemen, Kevin Rowlands.

EE: When the original line up of Dexy's were together, quite a thing was made out of not talking to the press. What caused

you to change your attitude?

KR: — What, that we're now talking to the press? Er... Let me think... Well, I dance. Just purely to promote the record. We now do interviews. Perhaps that's the only reason that we now do interviews. Before, it was important for us not to talk to the music press. But now we've made an LP that we want everybody to hear. Yeah.

RR: — Was there any one event that decided you to include other music influences in what you're doing now?

KR: — No, not at all. I mean, I've got a basically funk background.

RR: — So, when you were growing up, did your parents have records or did you go out and see people playing funk music?

KR: — Funk yeah. They had a few records, they used to sit around singing funk songs. But I didn't sing very much, they didn't have many records, really. They had a few, you know. It was just always there. It was an influence, and I suddenly thought, oh let's do it. It was a very natural influence. I just found myself turning to it really. It's a very

DEFINITELY. FOR SURE.



maturing thing, you know. It wasn't like it was so much a planned thing, I think it's just the roots really. We don't go around listening to funk or Scottish music, it would be a waste of time really.

RR — Right. Did you listen much to the electric folk people, when that was really big about 10 years ago?

SR — Never did actually, no. I've never heard any of that stuff, no.

RR — It's interesting that you've included the Van Morrison song, *Jessie's Whine*. *Said*, Cos Van's probably the only person I can think of that's managed to combine folk and black soul music. And make it work.

SR — Yeah, well I've gotta say, I don't know how Van Morrison looks at it, but I just look at it now as a very natural thing. Obviously I've got a lot of respect for Van Morrison. And I like the song, *Jessie's Whine*. *Said*. But I don't look at it as combining soul and folk music. I just look at it as a natural thing now. I don't write a song and try and write it a bit folkie and a bit soulful. Just, I write it,

you know. And it just comes out that way. That's what's actually happened now. Admittedly, we have chosen to use a framework of basically soulful and acoustic and maybe ethnic instruments, like fiddles and harps. But, I don't know . . . Yeah. Anyway.

RR — Do you know much about the Tinkers? Have you heard of the Tinkers? Sort of like Irish and Scottish gypsies.

SR — I do yeah, I know a little bit about them.

RR — Yeah, I just thought that the photo in the album cover, you looked like photos of Tinkers. You seen

SR — Yeah? I guess we do look a bit like Tinkers, you know. There's lots of elements in there. There's lots of gypsies, there's bits of Tinkers, there's lots of Irish folk even. It's the same with the music really. I wouldn't call it any one thing. Admittedly, it is a bit folkie.

RR — What would you say the importance of roots are to you then? You seem to have taken, you seem to have synthesized a whole

lot of different things. Into something that is very much your own. How important and to have those sources?

SR — I'm not really sure I understand what you mean.

RR — Perhaps, I haven't expressed it accurately, but on the first Dury's album, *Swearing for the Young Soul Rebels*, there seemed to be a celebration of a certain style of music and this album seems to be a celebration of a broader range of music. But the connection is in the synthesis, not in anything that you're doing that's new. Do you know what I mean?

SR — No. What does synthesis mean?

RR — The combining of different things.

SR — But surely in combining different things to make something new. Surely that's all you can ever do, you know.

RR — You think that is all you can ever do? You can never do anything completely new?

SR — Well, what can you do? I mean, I think it is completely new. It is. Have you ever heard a sound like that before?

By Donald Robertson.

RR — No, I haven't. I must admit.

KE — Well, then young. People have an idea of what is new. It's just people's threshold of what is new. People automatically relate the future to symbolism and hippy music.

KE — I wouldn't say that that's new. I think that's a very old thing, just done with different instruments. I wouldn't say that the sort of symbolism music that's around at the moment is in any way innovative really.

KE — It's really old but.

RR — Yeah, in fact it has very little roots. Well, very little soul, I suppose. Older than roots.

KE — Yeah.

KE — The concept of soul does creep up quite a bit on the last album, and this one. What does soul mean to you?

KE — Soul — I've got to be honest, I hardly would ever want to use the word. I'm very wary of using the word soul. I would just say, it's not soul and it's not color. I would just say it's Dizzy's Midnight Ramblers. Soul is such a dirty word. Every fashion group you hear is talking about soul and passion and everything. So, I'm really reluctant to talk about these things. It's not a kind of music, you know.

KE — No, I wasn't meaning to define it as a style of music. The song on Side 2, David I Remember You, Soul.

KE — Yeah?

RR — What do you set as your soul? What is it you're wanting to believe in there.

KE — Well...

RR — It is a religious concept?

KE — No it's not really religious. It's just more of a self thing, you know.

RR — A self thing — right.

KE — Yes, it definitely is just more of a

RR — An essence?

KE — Well, I do believe in the soul, you know. I do believe in the soul, I believe it's there for something. But I don't know quite what. I do feel some force from the soul. Within, you know. But I feel there should be channels somewhere, I don't always know which way.

RR — How important is self power in your scheme of things?

KE — Yeah, it's very important. Yeah, I do really believe in discrimination.

RR — Do you think you have the power and the capability to change yourself through using your self?

KE — Yeah. You definitely.

RR — I mean, it does seem to creep up on recurring lyrical themes of you like

KE — Yes.

RR — Like in Let's Make This Precious.

KE — Uh huh. Let's Make This Precious is about striving — go on, carry on, what were you saying?

RR — Well no, I was just trying to get you talking about the importance of self, because I think particularly today, a lot of people almost have given up with their life. They lack will power.

KE — Er, I don't know about that. I just know about ourselves. I can only talk about myself. Let's Make This Precious was just like, I don't know, it's not just like one thing where you have will power. It was last year that Let's Make This Precious was written, and there was a line in there that said — From man on I refuse to listen to the radio, I'll take messages everywhere I go. These lines got taken out because I couldn't fit them in. But that's just how I felt about all the shit that was coming out of the radio and I wanted to make something that was pure and precious. And I wanted to pledge myself to do that. To do something that was brilliant. No bullshit, just fuckin' truth. Do good things and just really strive to make perfect, beautiful, powerful, beautiful music. I wanted to do that. And I really wanted to do it badly. That's what I wanted to do. I wanted the group to strive to it. I wanted them to pledge that they would do this and they would work until they'd achieved it. That's what Let's Make This Precious is about.

RR — And do you think you are achieving that? Do you think you're getting the message through?

KE — Yes, I think so. Obviously yes. We haven't got there yet, I still think we can do better.

KE — Yeah.

RR — But yeah, I'm really pleased with the LP, I play it, you know.

RR — That's quite unusual. I've talked to quite a few musicians and most of them, once they've done an album, they're already thinking about the next. And they always kind of see a flow immediately. That they

would have like to have recorded.

RR — I must admit, to tell you the truth, when we made the first LP, *Searching For The Young Rebels* I played that for about 2 months non-stop. I couldn't stop playing it. I thought it was the best thing I'd ever listened to.

KE — I think you had quite a lot of company in that respect. It really did kind of make a very big impact at the time, didn't it?

KE — Yeah. I think it stood the test of time.

RR — Is there anything else you'd like to particularly say?

KE — Um... No, I don't think so. I can't really think of anything. I'm really pleased that the LP and the single are doing as well here, because it's a personal victory to me to come through with something that is new and fresh. And also gain commercial success. Without having to go along with all the other stuff that's happening, you see, I don't, I don't like what's currently happening here. So I think it's really good that we're cutting through.

RR — Without having to make any compromises?

KE — Absolutely, without having to have to make any compromises.

RR — Well that's very promisingly.

KE — Well, it's a personal victory. It makes me feel good. It's very encouraging. Our record *Colin Sum (Knox)* was released here before *Come On Eldon*, so the first track on side 1, it didn't happen, you know. It's the meter record to Eldon, I was really disappointed. I was beginning to think there was no hope. I was very disappointed. But anyway, I'm really pleased now. Things are working well here.

RR — How far ahead are you thinking about when you're going to be doing your, for the rest of this year? And next year? Have you any idea?

KE — Yes, but it's not good talking about it.

RR — What are the two lines of track at the end of *Side 1*?

KE — Oh, at present, won't you pass me on one last wild walk.

RR — I was just wondering, it's a fairly language, Irish.

KE — It is.

Jo Jo Zep

1982



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1984



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Madness

"To come the

by Larry Bufton

Monday night in Newcastle, and the city centre shows all the marks of a company town whose company has fallen on hard times. The pubs are almost empty, the restaurants devoid of diners, and even the rarely coloured street attracting sight of the Australian food chains fail to draw in the paying public. At one end of town, a restaurant shows most clearly the battle for survival. New, smart, spacious, it has a handful of diners and a couple of people at the bar. A slow start to a slow Monday night. It's seven o'clock and a police patrol wagon cruises down the centre of town, the deserted Hunter Street shopping mall, inducing nervous to sit still. In a taxi, the driver tells the B.H.P. story over and over, the familiar tale of lay-offs and threatened lay-offs. An industrial centre of Australia, 1982, makes pretty bleak listening. His own trade is shut to parents, too, because no-one has the money to go out any more. He motions towards the empty pubs and cafes.

But there is an exception. It's a place called the Casino Club... all Hunter Street. The doors opened at 6.30 that night and closed ten minutes later, the "Full House" sign on the door. Inside were 170 young people, eating, going, cheap food, drinking, but mostly there for the four hours of non-stop live, new cabaret. This is the sort without shoppers, and without the middle class club-poke about people down on town for lunch, without all the things that have turned "cabaret", and have turned off the young and intelligent until recent years.

The full comprises two restaurants, including one who cut his teeth on the little Melbourne scene, a vocal ensemble from Sydney called Quincey Cambridge, and the resident orchestra, the Casino Club Combo... young and highly energetic, eight piece with brass, violin and vocals whose considerable music repertoire includes Presley's "Viva Las Vegas" and the Sinatra-Hollywood evergreen "Jackson". Around midnight, satisfied if not exhausted, the clubbers step from the cabaret and back into the real world of declining Newcastle, with its empty streets in silence.

The new cabaret, what does that really mean? It is essentially a movement that takes its style and form from the youth culture which developed in Australia in the sixties, with a different (Miss Harris would perhaps agree)

friendly perspective on the way society works, and the individual's role in it. This meant a new perspective on work, the political process, sexual relationships, drugs. The new cabaret is informed, critical, and invariably black, because for many of its exponents the society is mired with conservatism and



Steve Krumpholtz and Neil Gribble — Los Times Photographed

New Cabaret''

lypsoeary. Feeling unable to change it, and often even barred from participation, the young men at least laugh at it. Some of the style of new burlesque comes, too, from the New Wave movement in Britain of the late seventies, with its full-on, aggressive music, and its dark, jagged fashion.

Thursday night in Adelaide, and after four nights of being near-deserted Hindley Street in the city once begins to bustle as the weekend approaches. The restaurants, cafes and amusement halls do their share of trade, as do the occasional nightclubs, a long thin leucis quarter mile, but that club is consistently parking them in. This is Adelaide, capital of the venue, "Club de Touris".

A year ago it was a basement and named, "La Cabaret", which served better than average European food, and stood out a long, a long time the other Hindley Street restaurants. Then Billy Bell had the idea of converting it completely. This came perhaps from the unqualified success during the Adelaide Arts Festival in March of a venue called the "Focus Club", which featured on weekends night work

that the crowd might have seen the best new comedy act in Australia, Les Two Bachelors, or the last, dark Cheri Wiggins from Melbourne, or David Speedboat, the brilliant jazz fusion band.

The new format was so successful during the winter that several clubbers were known to stumble into the party at around eight o'clock. The resident band, Cate's Cocktail Hour, had only given up playing a couple of hours earlier, and it only takes night have hooped the last person out of the door with a quivering glass of champagne. On Mondays like that, they found themselves sleeping the cold air of a deserted

cabaret is ultimately to succeed in Sydney as it has done in Melbourne for years. These similar clubs, as well as Karaoke's, will be the backbone of both the talent and the audience.

Among these more modest venues is the Dry Dock Hotel, which like other pubs has sought to replace aging rock music with cabaret. The Adelaide Hotel is another venue. In Jameson Street, near The Rink, there is the Comedy Store currently drawing crowds, especially on weekends. Like its London namesake, it devotes one night a week to a going show. There is no cover charge, and dangerous M.C. Rodney Bader conducts aphrodisiacs onto stage.



Wendy de Muel and Mark Trenchard - The Circus

been, comedy and song. In the summer two doors in May, part of Adelaide people were beginning to wonder whether there was talent as good to be found anywhere by those who were not yet by Sydney Hotel on the Hill in South, and besides brought an immediate impact.

The place is a cavern affair, with a long, flat stage area bordered off by a row of tables. On Friday nights perhaps 100 people join into this limited space, with another 50 or so further back, crowded around the bar. On most nights, many of the young, often fishermen clientele don't make their entrance until around 2 o'clock. By that time the noise from the bar has risen to such a pitch that the only entertainment worthy of serving is background jazz. But before

Hindley Street, Adelaide, capital of the Striking State

Sydney has a somewhat grander flagship for the new cabaret. Its Karaoke is formerly a funeral parlour. Just off Taylor Square in Darlinghurst, it's been converted into a rehearsal restaurant theatre-cabaret which appears to agree to bring in the young well heeled of the eastern and northern suburbs. But despite the glass, the late night shows at Karaoke bring to Sydney the same raw, sometimes challenging and misanthropic.

A mass of smaller, more intimate venues have also sprung up. If this new concept in

cabaret is to become a force, or to be judged strong, a real event in Darlinghurst, the "The Circus" is about to do the cabaret act with a show called "Love Life Cabaret".

The birthplace of all this, however, was Melbourne. During the seventies it was the only centre that had an indigenous movement, and that is still largely the case. It has been growing and developing since John Fender, the "Big Daddy" of cabaret, opened a little theatrical theatre restaurant in Brunswick Street. Freddy called the Flying Toppet.

The "Fly Top" as it was affectionately known, took on the standard format of dinner

the New Cabaret



Quintet Confirms: Photo: Lisa Campbell

and a show, but the act was predominantly young, semi-gay, Carlin/Pinter performers who brought to the stage a combination of contemporary lifestyles, a revised Australian culture, and standard theatre-stories skills. Yes, there was still a slapstick, but beneath the outfit of the posing transsexual was a bloke in shabby and lousy jumper.

Some nights were set aside for impromptu sketches. Performers worked with new material, and complete nonconformists were encouraged to try out something. Anything. There's the storybook tale of two odd-looking men who came off the street, got up on stage that night, and took it from there. Within months Harvey Matus and Sam Angell had joined satirical parent Pechen la-Cerna and were touring the nightclubs of Europe and North America with a musical comedy act called the Beebe Berkeleys.

Whereas Sydney is now seeking its cabaret roots and is attempting to establish something of a pride of cabaret artists, Melbourne is nurturing the third generation of its performers. Begs to make their way. A centre for this newest generation is the Blue Box club (a Chat Noir?) in Brunswick Street, centrally just off the road from the now empty shell of the Flying Tiger. There, Melbourne comedians, and theatre, music and art fringe dwellers pass around fantastic songs over their hot

microphones. His very basic, now turned cult, progressive, disco, his fingers to the past seconds and brutally reads the superior.

Among the newest generation of performers is Mark Little, with his Australian partner of Doug Good and Jo P-Chant, Chris Windmill, who imitates his artists' soul in a race on stage with clock and moon. Polyphony, a choral act who are on the ball at Pinter's current venue, the Last Laugh in Collingwood. Many new acts perform upstairs in a small club there called Le Joke. Downstairs is the main hall where the people from the suburbs are arriving in groups looking to see the more established acts.

Among the Last Laughhouse comedians are Les Two Angellians, two men in ill-fitting, silly dance suits who present a programme of classic black comedy, slapstick and more. They begin too light-hearted to make their entrance, funny but also genuinely pathetic. During the performance, through a stage of new and classic routines, the pair grow in confidence and stature until they are in a position to bully their audience. The performance ends with their remarkable version of *Grease* by, with guitar and piano accompaniment to recall the Zoot's Heavy Metal version of the Beebe classic.

Steve Kearney and Neil Gladwin began evolving the act three years ago, and it is still developing (brilliantly) on their own and their audience. A film is now being planned for Les Two, an aspect of the recent phase of the

robust world of Melbourne. Virtually every week this year, one of the new wave of performers made his or her way onto the Derryl Somers or Don Lane shows. Alan Partridge, former director and composer of Le Joke, is now a writer for the Derryl Somers show. On a more modest scale, the Open Channel in Melbourne runs an occasional video show called "Sunday Live" where performers and musicians try out new material in front of the camera. Radio 3 838 provides a medium for comedy on radio, and is a general watchtower for the Friday scene, the night's progressive version of the weekend's Culture of "Monday Cough" and the world of the Prime Factory.

Women are involved in new cabaret. Sue Angleton is regarded as the precursor, through her work at the Last Laugh and the Prime Factory. Wendy Harner writes and performs for "Catch A Rising Star", while Tracy Harvey plays two character parts well known to Melbourne audiences. Teresa O'Reilly, the naive Catholic girl, and Tanya Whittle, with the country singing White Family. The talented Sisters Mandy and Melissa have performed for the past six months at Le Joke, with their routines along with Australian girls overseas (Gypsy?) and Shave Hair style American (Gypsy?). Wendy de Ward, from the Globe, is probably the best known woman in cabaret at present.

The spread of this sort of scene to Sydney has been slow in coming. Argument has raged for years about whether it is the different intellectual climate — or is it just the climate?

Anyway, perhaps there's little surprise that one of the top acts in Kewick's has been the Phil Sims Show, with Gary McCondonald as Phil Sims. The Comedy Brothers, from the old Captain Munchies, are popular with their brand of gag, spoofs, laziness and Marie Lady. Perhaps more innovative are Tony Stone, who like Les Two, has had a successful dinner act in these case nearly proved dinner acts. Their brand of humour is another, with dancing, chatter, and a part in a performance derived from the roots of classic comedy. Then there's Austin Together, a big bloke with wavy-haired dark sunglasses and an American accent. Phil has routines in built around Austin jokes, the rest around an Austin creek of consciousness. He is the love, but he has been stand up comic, with an awful lot of stage presence provided he keeps the sunglasses on.

New to Sydney are *Quintet Confirms* nightclub act in Adelaide, described by "Sydney Morning Herald" writer Tom Thompson as an "act to watch out for". Three men come to point about Love — its furies, deaths and manipulations.

There, and performers like them, are the core of the movement which this year spread away from Melbourne to other cities, and is slowly making its way to the main movie as well. As yet it's far too early to say whether it will succeed in every place it tries, but early indications are that Australia is looking for something new and black enough to match its mood of depression. This may well be the funny story it needs.

ENZ of an ERA

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"As long as you can fall in love you can stay young forever."

Tim Finn at 30.

By Larry Buttrose at 30.

1982 produced two landmarks for Split Enz in their continuing reign among the most creative pop music bands in Australia. "Time and Tide" was one of the year's successful releases, and singer Tim Finn recorded his 30th birthday.

The decade since Split Enz arrived in Australia from New Zealand has been marked with the highs and lows one would expect from a band whose initially bizarre work has come to be more and more accepted, and acceptable. In the interview that follows, Tim Finn says that had it not been for the arrival of his younger brother Neil five years ago, with "I Got You" in his song folio, the band would have broken up. Neil breathed new life, youth, into a band which otherwise appeared to be on an inevitable downward path. One only has to see the band on stage now to realise that Neil and his energy are things that saved, and do still save, this band from eclipse.

But in the years before Neil arrived, it was Tim that was the sole focus, and the foundation. He wrote, sang and performed, giving everything in pursuit of his ambition of national and international success. Like most people who try for that, the ambition got him part of the way there, but after ten years at it there are still the unrealised dreams, the unsatisfied desires, and bitterness at what has been sacrificed in the attempt.

At the interview, his prepossession and self-confidence dominate, but the face is no longer that of the ambitious youth who started his run a decade back with some good acid songs and a collection of costumes we all found pretty fucking weird. Now the new generation of young performers are

"lapping at his heels", and that last great success which has not needed the perhaps less creative and less honest, like Air Supply, or AC/DC, or the Little River Band, still eludes him. We talk at length, but he rarely looks the interviewer in the eyes.

RR — How does it feel to be 30?

TF — Pretty good. I didn't experience my thirties or anything. I think I'm gonna have a better time in my 30's, it was a bit miserable in my 20's. By putting all those songs down. I've really got a lot of bad things out of me. And I really look forward to my 30's. Age is irrelevant anyway. Nigel Crogan — our bass player, always says that unless you know the exact day you're gonna die — age is irrelevant. And I sort of believe that. You have to rationalise it that way anyway, so you get older.

RR — Yes, I think there are endless rationalisations. You did write a lot of those bad things out in the *Time and Tide* songs. The thing that was interesting for me, was that *Six Months in a Lonely Room* and *Dead Along* are both very beautiful songs, and they're about such terrible things.

TF — Well, I mean, *Dead Along* has got a lot of beauty in it. It's not entirely a black song. It talks about lost love and growing old and what ambience has done to me, and all sorts of things. I think it also has a positive sort of innocent attitude. The music is quite soothing and has a fairly happy sound to it. The lyrics can be quite bleak. Split Enz do that a lot. We're trying to cover both things. Cos we've always believed that there are two sides. Nothing's ever that black, and nothing's ever light.

RR — One gives an edge to the other perhaps?

TF — Yeah, you need one to have the other. So that's about the size of that one, but I think there's a lot of positive spirit in *Time and Tide* despite the way I was feeling. We were very emotional during that album really. Regarding almost everything that the band was still strong and we sort of felt young again. With Neil on the drums and a lot of that comes through I think.

RR — *Six Months in a Lonely Room* — it about a nervous breakdown as well?

TF — No, not really, no. Not so much. It's more about various things. It starts off with — When I was a young boy and talks about that — and how you lose those sort of feelings. It's a song about the spirit of adventure, that's still alive in everybody, but sometimes it gets a bit suppressed. And then it does talk about a

relationship. Any bad time can be referred to as six months spent in a lousy boat. It's sort of general in a way. Dirty Century is more to do with the dark side of my psyche if you like. That's more of a darker song. So this is quite a pretty positive song.

RL — You say you were brought up as a Catholic. Have you got any sort of secular influence from that?

TF — I think so. I have a certain openness to spirituality. To any thoughts or feelings or opinions that people might offer, about God or religion. Or man's destiny and the world's destiny. I'm very open — the deepest sorts of subjects are the bigger subjects. I'm very open to all of that and I'm less open to worldly preoccupations really, so it helped shape my personality. That organized religion leaves me cold. There's lots of rule aspects or dogmas that can be really useful and beneficial. I believe in love and loving your fellow man, and basically being good. And I believe the world will eventually improve and become a much better place. I am in agreement with it all. What encompasses the dangers?

RL — You spoke about ambition earlier, are there enough rewards in the rock music business for you?

TF — The rewards come almost by accident. You don't even notice them half the time. Coming back to Australia and having a single and album doing so well, is a real reward, gratification. Although, it's not just that — because we really pour our hearts out on the album and it seems like the fans or the people who follow us are appreciating the openness almost. Of the album. So

"I believe in love and loving your fellow man and basically being good. And I believe that the world will eventually improve and become a much better place."

there's a reward in that. And there's a few financial rewards obviously. I'm better off than I used to be, because of music. I don't like being too ambitious. I think ambition can be quite a deadly sort of virus almost. You have to realize what you can achieve and lower your sights a little sometimes. You can't always hope for the best. I'm not really clear on ambition because I've got a lot of it. And I can't really be objective about it, because it still governs my life to a large extent. My ambitions are for the band and for my music.

RL — What are your ambitions for the band?

TF — I still think that eventually we'll be accepted internationally. Hopefully the same way we are here. That's been my dream right from the start. That we'd be seen in a larger context, all the international music scene. But I'm not busting my guts over it, and I'm not obsessed with it like I used to be. I think now I'm more calm because I accept that it is gonna happen. And it's not a sort of arrogance, I just really believe that it is going to happen. I can't see anything stopping us now. It may take longer than we think, it always does.

RL — What do you aspire to musically now?

TF — Honestly and truth, I just want to get going with the music. I'm a real believer in the theory that the best and many times, that musicians or songwriters I should say — are like vessels waiting to be filled up. And the music is there almost. And I believe that very much and I just want to make myself as open as possible. So that the good songs can come through. Cos the world needs good songs. It's almost a healing thing. A good song can be a healing thing for people I think. And for myself. I don't want to sound too profound or anything, but that's what I hope, and that I get more and more free — so that the songs will come through simpler and simpler.

RL — There's a beauty and an edge to your music which I think is very unusual in rock. How do you find that, given the day to day requirements of working in the rock world?

TF — When you're on tour, you're pretty much a puppet in a way. You're sort of steered around from town to town. The showman side of us comes out on stage and we enjoy that. We love to entertain people and make the audience feel like they're

one. But the most creative moments are when it's quiet and you're off the road, and you're in your own home. And you've got your piano there and you make up in the morning and you feel good, and you sit down and write a song. Those are the moments that when you're totally away from the whole show but side of it. That's a time very separate sides in the life.

RL — Do you find time to live outside of the industry?

TF — You have to yeah. I didn't used to. That's part of the reason that I perhaps screwed up. You have to look outside it and try and develop friendships with other people. Although it is an obsession. I was talking to Nigel the other night about it, saying "we are very obsessed aren't we" and he said "yeah, but so what? What else would you rather be doing?"

RL — Has there ever been a possibility of incorporating women in the band?

TF — We've never auditioned anybody for Split Five. It's always been somebody who knew somebody or somebody came along. So we've never known, at the stages when we needed people, we never knew any women who could play. Of course they were there, but we just didn't know any. We just happened to go with the people we knew. I would love to have a girl in the group. If we needed somebody and there was a girl there who could play, fine. There's no difference really these days. I don't think. It's good and healthy that a lot more women are involved. It's about time, to have a pretty much sort of either for 30 years.

RL — What about raising political matters? In your songs. How do you feel about that?

TF — We've tried almost to ignore it. I used to think that it was pretty wrong. I remember being almost embarrassed when the first wave of punk came along with the sloganeering aspect to it. It almost felt 'Yeh — how tacky — is something. Cos I'm pretty opposed to all that for some reason. It just reminds me of when I used to go to University. They had open forum every Wednesday and all the Wickers would get out and give forth about this, that and the other. It was entertaining as hell, it was really funny, but completely meaningless. Almost. But we talk about things we see perhaps that are wrong, and the world. Perhaps just try and give our viewpoint about it, but politics is pretty boring, as a specific. The workings of politics are of course, just about 99.9% bureaucracy and it's slow and tedious to get things changed. But there are causes that bands have come out and spoken against. Nuclear disarmament is one.

RL — Would you, for instance, consider doing a benefit for Chile or El Salvador or for the African National Congress? Or something like that.

TF — Yeah. I'd consider it. I doubt very much whether we would be the bringer of that particular cause. I'm more interested in things that are closer to home. Like the Farm's nuclear thing — that makes me angry. Chile and El Salvador, it seems, are that far away. I know as all part of the same global struggle though. But I'm more interested also in things like developing alternative energy sources. Like developing solar energy and wind energy, and harnessing the ocean. And all these ways that we could be powering the world.

I find all that really fascinating and interesting, and really important because it will change the economic structure of the world too, if the way of developing other energy were developed. For example, you wouldn't have this one big nuclear reactor and employing say, 500 people. You'd have 500 factories all over Melbourne or wherever, creating solar panels or whatever, and it would just create jobs and break the stronghold of the oil, etc. etc. But you can't just come out and do a benefit for 'nuclear energy'. I don't know — maybe you could.

RL — Landrights for instance.

TF — Landrights, in New Zealand too, with the Maori people. They're angry deep down about the way they've been treated. It's not as severe as here with the Aborigines. There's a lot of injustice in the world.

RL — But you'd have to be approached to do something like that?

TF — I think so yeah. Yes and no. We've talked about it enough times, we really want to do it, we feel guilty almost that we haven't yet come out and done anything like that. And we are in a position to be quite powerful, in that field. And most money. So

I think we will do it. But, somehow you do get caught up in the headbowl of ambition. And it's like, we're off to Australia now we're off to Canada now, then we come back to Australia and do a tour, and then we've got to go! You don't necessarily think about planning a benefit. Maybe that's a cop out. I don't know.

EE — What are your favorite Split Era songs?

TP — I don't want to go right back into the another Split Era album! My songs — I would say, *Charlie I Hope I Never*, *Just Be a Dirty Creature*.

EE — *Angels' Toughest Guest*?

TP — Yeah, there's quite a few on that 'Toughest' album. That one almost got overlooked. I think that one could be done by some other artist. I could almost sell that one.

EE — Like *Body and Soul*?

TP — Yeah, sort of simple and gritty. It could be done quite well.

EE — What did you think of Jo Kennedy's version of it?

TP — No comment.

"I don't like being too ambitious. I think ambition can be quite a deadly sort of virus."

EE — Could you ever loose playing with Phil [add again]?

TP — Yeah, we've talked about it. We're still mates and it's happened, it would happen. I'd like to do it, it would be good fun. But only if we both wanted to do it and if there was a reason for it. Like, if there was an EP or just a single or something. And we decided for the hell of it — 10 years anniversary — let's do a single, I wouldn't mind. It's quite good, but I think we've realized over the years, we've probably grown apart quite a bit. We were obviously very close in the early days.

EE — What's it like to have Neil in the band now?

TP — Oh it's great. I think my luck's out every day. He's right up there still away with me writing songs, but there's no ego, no

ego, no egos, no trying to express each other, which there used to be, a bit with me and Phil. We're brothers and we can say anything to each other and half an hour later we'll be friends again. Our brothers again. You can't beat it. Also, Neil's provided that youthful aspect and he comes out and writes some simple good pop songs and he uses it our awe. I Got You, if that hadn't come along, we would have broken up. That would have been the end of Split Era. So he really saved the band — it's quite amazing.

EE — If that hadn't happened?

TP — Yeah, before 'True Colours', we were having the real life we're flourishing really badly for a while. Really desperate people. It was terrible. In a weird period, I can hardly remember how how bleak things looked, but they really did.

EE — Now, you're wearing lots of orange today. Is that significant?

TP — I'm one of the ORANGE People. Laughed. No — I just love orange. Three years ago I used to get away with purple, but now there's a few guys wearing purple. So I'm just clinging to orange because it's the last bastion of originality. Orange People — the whole idea of it is so amusing. Wearing orange clothes and having as much sex as you can, wearing this thing around your neck that says a you're a holy person. I don't know, I don't know it. I like orange — it's a good earthy colour. It's of the earth, of the world.

EE — What about costumes in general — on stage. You've sort of dispensed with all of that.

TP — A lot of it yeah. We're not sure where we're going next though. We might go violently extreme again on the next album. We're really not sure. Who knows! At the moment we're just wearing what suits. 'Time and Tide' — We always go with the album. Whatever the album suggests.

EE — Is Neil dreaming something up?

TP — Yeah, he's got a glint in his eye. I think.

EE — At the age of 30 do you feel completely open in your directions and ideas? Have you closed to it all?

TP — No. I feel very open. As long as you can, fall in love you can stay young again. No comment.

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Courting Bucks With Lendl

Ivan Lendl, the bouncing Czech, seems poised to topple McEnroe, Connors and Borg as the No. 1 in world tennis. Jillian Burt profiles Lendl and examines the behind the scenes machinations of big tournament tennis.

Tony Parsons and Jane Buckhill were a main-selling team, making the duo's design book and rat. They wrote: "The Boy Looked at Johnny — The Delivery of Rock and Roll after just two years of active duty on the staff of New Musical Express, denouncing perfect punk cre-

Tory poured everything he knew about the music industry into a parody novel, *Platinum Logic*—a gutter-hard and fast read. He barely caught his breath and lunged at a hot girl who stole his way up novel *Wanna and Loose* (Pan paperback \$4.99). It is the more pessimistic and unpleasant than *Platinum Logic* and features a character of prose through fiction.

Therese Kayer — fashion model (at least partly Jenny Holzer) and Johnny Singslet — female drama (equal parts Jeremy Corson and John Mather) are the "Winners and Losers" in what the author describes as a very out there story.

I telephoned Tony Parisi. We talked about the books. The film rights to *Platinum Lusts* have been sold (the new novel [the previous novel] is to be called *Limelight*) and is about made (and mostly we talked about *Tennis*). Tony revealed that he used the NFL as a major plot line (the trip to New York was a throw in and Jimmy Connors plays tennis). They would accompany some dogbeater (use *Thin Lady* and a tie up of the back door of Madison Square Gardens, and tie her to a down the Flushing Meadows Tennis Stadium). He disclosed interestingly in his grant that East London (about that time) was the home of the John Deere car club. The only car club he can think of.

There's a jolted feeling that the past starts of tomorrow as the terms collapse of today. Grant provides Paul Darity II an record clipping just that where explaining the "absolute not moving from Young ABBA and David Down to Boon Boon and John Wilkins II makes some Good Times a magnified attention and looks changes for young rich all setting and support of the (1) it is considered to be no going — on the whole with hundreds. And then

players covered performance
last 12/13/2013

John McEwan and Viki Geneste, no slouches on the soul-art genre, would be rock stars, using every opportunity to flap wings with rock bands. While in Melbourne for the 1982 World Super Challenge, Viki announced a banding with a band called the Ragged — that rebuke also in Melbourne has been heard of.

[illegible][illegible]

Money has been entirely devoted to the player destined for number one. 22 year old Czech Jan Lindh because for some thing of an also-ran in the pin oil dikes (backlashes a problem) - and an excellent player.

the final of the Super Challenge this year with Lead triumphing at almost just 8-2. 6-2 7-5 Lead was completely the champion appearing ground strokes on both sides of the court separately breaking Gonzalez twice and placing remarkable passing shots. Gonzalez's own game wasn't really as bad as he felt and served well enough, but Lead was in another league.

The usually quietest bee trial was a marked contrast to the preceding days of the tournament. As it progressed, John Brown had only to stand in the press, arms grinning widely, rubbing his hands together and announce: "It's a tie for [another bee] to have us examining his tape notebook and notebook." It was one signal that the tournament day color was about to be joined another draft of the social team.

On Friday, day a certain age passed tucked on the wall of the WIP Lounge. Cigaretted Marine Surge Houschick 1987 a male child of the first then said a few days worth of drama. Ivan Landell was down, charged to the hell for unpunctuality. Jimmy Connelly was on order, giving a hearty rap on the back. Vice Consul a was having of about after the call was two minutes in the drawing room. John was had his hand on the mat into a room and was showing through his service, a was, almost, his first. We all looked the color, but it was not clear, really, said a few lines, adopted a laugh and the word "admitted" with eye, amiable and relaxed, unimpaired information to the unapplicable calm memorandum of each other into a winning end.

Subbing under the surface of some great ideas with their own eyes.

- 1 Management groups – a
2 necessary evil or just plain
3 evil?
4 Injury to players throughout
5 commitment to tournaments.
6 The annual vs Gerolamo
7 chess debate. Arguably
8 chess and known the

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The challenge is a special event: a series of exhibition matches in the form of a tournament. Players receive no points towards their overall ratings but can command the big sponsor's attention. This is not allowed to accept for Grand Prix tournaments. Grand Prix tournaments, like about rapid events and exhibitions are about fair balance.

The general competitiveness of the sort of event is questionable but the hand-picked field of the world's top players promises excellent action. *Grandmaster*

The critics Donald Deist and Mike McCormack don't agree much if anything, to the man on the street, but one of them has been so behind virtually every major tennis player on the court. They're agents — super agents — that manage players, sports agents, like even rights not events and more. Mike McCormack's international management group (IMG) even handles the affairs of Olympic stars Philipe Michel, Patriceksson, topal, dominating the tennis, and — surprisingly — the Pope! And a hefty piece of the tennis market.

Clonard, Dool's roommate, apparently Donald Dool, his own party Pro-Serv, was responsible for the situation that had John Kees crumpling under the pressure of these major tournaments on 14 days! The D. Brian of Naples, dove in Melbourne and wins a national tournament in Tokyo! Pro-Serv, a has been alleged, reported back Lord with alleged details about the Super Challenge schedule and said (mainly to the benefit) that he planned the plan. He planned his matches throughout the first tournament.

One could be forgiven for charging Pro-Save and AGU with treating the 17 players as merchandise commodities before treating them as perfectly human tennis players. Gormley, player Land's first partner, all admitted impossible schedules of around 30 weeks of tournament matches a year. Land's guess was closer to 40 weeks. The effort

commented by their agent, Joe Loomis, regarding the enormous amount of money that the public is the willing to be getting when he plays.

Team's manager director John Jones comments on the management group's view. "I think that as far as the management group are concerned, although they now feel tremendous influence on the game, they'd be a bit afraid of that being the detriment of the game if they become tournament organisers. Tournament organisers are also managers of the players as well. They'd have a very big role could hype opposition going and that wouldn't be too good."

But in particular, not a lot of their own tournaments and Pro Sports also run tournaments. The difficulty of the moment is that the management group don't get together. If those two management groups started doing joint exercises then that could be a real danger.

We're tending to paint the picture of the management group as egotists, but really they are a very essential part of the tennis organisation. The players need the management group just as much as the management group need the players. Even Lendl, all he really has to do is say, yes, I'll play this, no, I won't play that, and then up at

the moment, all I have to do is to worry about his opponent, his clothes, his hair, his look, his anything. The management group does everything for him. So all the player has to do is play tennis. Not only is it all that taken off his hands, but most times the player is not competent at handling that sort of situation. The danger is when the group stop outside of that role and start to exert influence in areas other than just this — Managing players.

The play because that the last would be played between the last two men left standing.

That's ABC Sport, bringing you the final of the Mazda Super Challenge Live from St Vincent's Hospital. Gonzalez nudged an ice pack to a groin injury after coming off court or slipped dodgy? Gene Mayer exhibited the back brace that he is forced to wear during every match he plays. Jimmy Connors slipped about with scotches. Paul McNamee was back after a long bout with his back. Boris Becker was suffering mental exhaustion and John Rick physical exhaustion.

The Melbourne doctor that treated Connors said that his condition was not an unusual one. And that tennis players are particularly susceptible to back injury because of the enormous stress and pressure of the amount of tennis they play. Mayer, Connors and

Lendl are vulnerable. The Lendl is probably the best. The tournament organisers had been coming back to about 25 weeks of playing, caused by their injuries.

Gene Mayer responded humorously to questions about his back. "I left it go when I was talking to Jimmy Connors on the phone and Lendl was asked whether his office patients would cause him too much trouble, just for him to say yes, he replied in a schizoid way."

Lendl was the underdog of the tournament. He came to the decision, get tagged or not — and went a long way to dispelling the stereotypes that the Tennis magazine that has built up around him. He smiled a lot on court and dealt with his opponents even, but the final was another matter. On Lendl's right Lendl was an impenetrable wall of aggression and determination, working for the quick, clean hit.

The Lendl style of tennis is mechanical. His preserve suggests that he believes that it is his God-given right to destroy the game of his opponent. He has the demeanour of a champion and the ability to summon every nerve, drive and passion of the game should will do from his control. After costly wringing up Miles Goranul at the final, Lendl commented, "I was playing really well. I missed few many shots, I don't know — not too many, and only after I needed a

court final, and it is an hour in a passing and a while. I think like Connors, but it is mainly the product of his extraordinary mental strength and his total control."

Lendl is a calculating character, mysterious and unorthodox. (It could be explained a great deal of his behaviour, a devastating smile and an unexpected sense of humour, but still held a lot in reserve.)

Polish tennis player Wojtek Fibak, Lendl's coach, mentor and close friend is equally responsible for softening Lendl's shoulders and encouraging him towards his interests, languages and politics. During the tournament Lendl commented that Fibak has been comparing for him. Since Fibak has been saying it many times around and around that I enjoy tennis and like having his people reduce a new belief they would not see it.

There is an unbridgeable gulf between Lendl and his competitors with pop stars in their eyes. Boldly claiming golf shoes, saving a Huber Cube and Lendl's form of relaxation. He doesn't join McNamee, Goranul (and even Borg at last) at all disco and rock concerts with friends of friends, and it could well be that Lendl's son will be dedicated to tennis will be the father that will move him past Connors and McNamee into the further competition and hold a firm grip on it.

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SOUNDS

from



SUNDUSAMULA

by Michael L. Lortol

When I first saw the film, I was struck by the way the director, *Sundusamula* (1998), had captured the essence of the Tamil people's life. The film is a beautiful blend of traditional and modern elements, and it is a testament to the power of cinema to tell a story that is both timeless and relevant. The film is a beautiful blend of traditional and modern elements, and it is a testament to the power of cinema to tell a story that is both timeless and relevant. The film is a beautiful blend of traditional and modern elements, and it is a testament to the power of cinema to tell a story that is both timeless and relevant. The film is a beautiful blend of traditional and modern elements, and it is a testament to the power of cinema to tell a story that is both timeless and relevant.



Some of the first music we heard in Africa was *Les Châles de Dakar* (the Dakar Shells), a popular, loud high-life band featuring electric guitars with a Caribbean influence, a blaring celebratory brass section, and African drums handmade from wood and skin. Among these drums was a *tama* or *domtom*, a hourglass-shaped drum with a top and bottom skin, connected by loops of leather hanging. The *tama* is held under one arm and hit with a curved stick held in the other hand. By tapping the thumping under the armpit the musician is silent on the drumheads, and the pitch of the drum is made to rise and fall. Beatings of the hand were available everywhere (the music advertised by the signboard on the massively distorted portable cassette players one finds throughout the developing world).

We spent our days in Dakar going back and forth from the Ministry of Cultural Affairs. The ministry was a marvel of ineptitude, and we were always being introduced to someone's brother or cousin or sister. But at the same time the institution was very open and we were allowed to listen to their collection of recordings and even to dub samples from all the language groups of the country. These included a Wolof morning, a French and Pula praise singing a Wolof marriage, a Bafula birthday ceremony, and songs from the Bambara, Bassari and Mandinka peoples. The archive made introduced us to a fact that was to be fundamental wherever we went on the Senegambian. That music, and more particularly drumming, pervades community life, from births and marriages, to ceremonies and death. It is not performed elevated on a stage above the people, but occurs naturally on street corners, in town squares, on housing compounds, and at soccer games and wedding matches.

One morning in Dakar we attended a Senegalese dance in a dusty brown brick compound. We had been invited by a Senegalese friend. The whole occasion was gathered out in the dirt road and formed a

circle around three drummers, one of whom played the lead drum, the one that gives the main cues to the dancers. The lead drum was higher pitched than the other two, which acted as a constant rhythmic background.

However, to the Africans, it was not the pitch of the lead drum which differentiated it, but the *melenso* or its voice. They classify the drum notes in terms of their timbre, the male drum is the one whose timbre is the more forestal and penetrating, while the female drum is the one with the more gentle timbre regardless of actual pitch.

The women danced in long robes and turbans, and the men, wearing traditional bow ties and pants, waited their turn to do brief solo dances in the center of the ring. They performed a rapid pulsating dance, arms flung out behind them like bird wings. Anyone who wanted to could dance, though there was a definite style of dancing to go with the style of drumming. Later we learned that styles vary between regions and groups. Tremendous confidence rose as the whole community danced and celebrated the baptism of the child who was chosen to be an

Ok. One contact in the cultural archives told us of a meeting of the Wolof to take place in the desert in a week's time. It was a *Wala* dance, great — the great being an ancient code of joint praise songs, shouting or yodeling, often accompanied by dance. Because the Wolof language was dead, they were often the historians of their people, telling of old wars and kings. They praised people who paid them well, and also had learned to dance publicly those who didn't. We waited for four days at Richard Toll, a town near the Mauritania border at the southern extreme of the Sahara. Eventually the center of the town was closed off with long sections of cloth, and fourteen drummers around on a track, along with the grove and some *khale* in plays in many of the players and some of the grove we were in their twenties, indicating a healthy tradition.

When the townspeople had gathered, the music began and continued all night.

Eventually, intricate rhythms, vocal, accompanied by the fourteen drummers, and the grove topped out the business and process of their *khale* dance, one hundred *khale* dancers presented by a line of fat *hambos*. The *khale* (perhaps due to strong Muslim influence had not yet their bodies out of dancing, but by walking up through the crowd, dressed in their latest suit or printed cotton robes, and putting money into the performers' pockets).

With our collection of recordings already growing, we decided to head south towards the more tropical region of the Sahel. Crossing the Gambian River we were invited to stay in a tiny village of mud-brick houses with thatched roofs, without electricity, no running water — though even here was to be found a portable cassette with a collection of tapes, mostly reggae. I remembered seeing 'Wine Bob Marley' painted on a mud wall.

In the Gambian village of Tendaaba, one night down by the river we came across an unusual sight. Three women drummers were performing on two drums, wooden barrels, and a drum made by floating a gourd upside down in a basin of water. They were backing a male singer, but grew tired of him and suddenly broke into a rising beat, at which sign the singer was swamped by fifty young girls dancing wildly, forgetting the day's hard work. In these villages the dance is accompanied by the sounds of coconuts, coconuts and the steady thump of the women pounding rice, one of their heavy rounds of dances.

From the Gambia we traveled down to the Casamance river and stayed in the town of Ziguinchor which was alive each night with music. One evening I was lying on my bed when my ears were awakened by beautiful music floating through the window. Sitting on a mat on the courtyard outside was a man called Abdoulaye Coucou, playing a kora. The kora is made from a large gourd covered with calf hide — the bottom being used as a sounding box. From the sounding box, gut strings of different thickness are stretched up to a central pole, two or three feet long. That kora had twenty one strings. The strings are played with a plucking motion, by the thumb and first finger of each hand, one hand producing a base line on the thicker strings, and the other hand working a melody.

I asked Abdoulaye to play for me, and paid him an hour the custom. The first song he did was a standard piece for kora, but the following songs were more particular, and good examples of the 'Casamance style', with a strong syncopated bass line. Several men were in Mandinka and was joined by his wife who tapped on the side of the kora and also sang. The kora is an instrument unique to the Mandinka. To western ears it often sounds out of tune with itself, but in fact has been unconsciously tuned to several parts at a time. The kora is the most 'classical' of the African instruments we came across, and seems to have some faint echoes of Arab music.

As we progressed further towards the Guinea-Bissau border the forests grew taller, the country more lushly tropical, and we entered the territory of the *Khale*. We built a camp on the beach at Cap Skirring and had





circled the drummers in a ring around it and mainly sang. One day we heard drums in the distance and rushed into the village. The music was coming from a celebration held to mark the birthday of the Doka village chief.

The party lasted for three days and nights, though most of the drumming was done at night to avoid the heat. The pulse went was flowing, and powerful dance-like martial stunts were produced by the hour-long drumming. One man, Melamu Gashelty played drum-trial was performed by Batu David Itoa, a major man playing a unique cross-shaped flute. Groups of women kept tapping sticks made from palm tree wood, and once again the dance style was the frenetic shikung (end dance).

I was taught to dance here, but my first attempts were so stiff and jerky that I earned the nickname "the chicken." Two men entered the center of the ring one at a time, often carrying handkerchiefs in order to give them to other dancers waiting on the perimeter of the ring. Giving a handkerchief meant "I'd like to see you dance." We began to notice the mental effects of long repetitive sequences of drumming. The ear begins to hear different parts of the beat, and recognizes them as its own rhythms, when rhythms. After hours of continuous dancing and drumming and palm tree drinking, everyone forgets their background their money, their problems, and simply becomes part of the beat, of the dance.

At the chief's birthday party we also recorded a solo performance of Batu David Itoa playing cross-shaped flute. Back in London at the British Institute of Recorded Sound they told us that this was probably a unique flute. They had never heard of it before. The flute had a large vertical pipe in the center and a

right angle to this on each side was a small lateral pipe. Batu got eight different sounds out of the flute — although it only had three holes — by half stopping the holes, and using overblowing techniques. Batu David Itoa hid it up everywhere in the Casuarina, wearing his head dress of white horse hair and was something of a magic man, being hired for many different occasions.

As we explored the Casuarina region we encountered different groups of Pelelelele. In the village of M'long we saw a talking drum and near it, in a road brick shelter, a death drum which was only used to send messages of bereavement. Both these drums were tobacco and not to be touched by strangers. The talking drums were large hollowed out wooden logs with a rim on the top. Different hollowing under each side of the slit gives the drums a high toned log and a low toned log. It is by imitating the tone pattern of the spoken language with drumming at the high and low toned logs, that messages are sent by talking drums. Traditional poetic phrases are used to help the listener interpret the tone patterns in the drumming.

Drums are still religious objects to certain people, and on English Island spoke at home at a birthday party recently he had tapped lightly on a drum he found lying around, and the owner of the drum had jumped up instantly and demanded a pig from him in repayment for interfering with the drum's spirit. The man was eventually talked out of it with the aid of some of the females.

After returning to Ziguinchor we recorded drumming involved with various social events such as soccer games, wrestling matches and child naming ceremonies. At the wrestling matches the entire programme was set to drums, and whenever a wrestler was a beat he danced around the sand arena

followed by a team of drummers also trying it to especially test celebratory beat. This was also a sign to give money to the winning wrestler and the drummers.

It was always treated as the done thing to give money to musicians, and all but one of the events we saw was free to watch, the musicians depending on the dancers' principle for a living. They almost never had to ask for payment, people considering it normal and natural to pay for such a community service, although we recorded an example of some Borer drummers playing a beat that meant "give money now."

We next headed off for a small island called Casuarina located where the Casuarinas were cornered to see the head on the beach not far from old stone buildings, coral reefing and overgrown with bougainvillea. One afternoon we heard music coming from across the water, and saw three long boats approaching the island. The drummers were seated in the back, playing, and we recognized the flute playing of Batu David Itoa. The musicians put on their best robes, picked up their tapping sticks, and gathered in the town square where a dance was held. A man wearing a devil mask surrounded the young children with his dancing. After some hours of intense music we asked a bystander what the concert was. He said it was a meeting of the Socialist Party of Senegal.

Michael Laid has produced an hour long account of recordings, including the Doka village chief's birthday party, by Batu David Itoa, cross-shaped flute by Batu David Itoa, Mandaka women drummers, the Malé girls and other drums. These succeeded in obtaining a copy about 1000, including names and address, to: Majors Miro, Nelson Ave. Blackwood, S.A. 6081.

NIGERIAN BOMBSHELL: KING SUNNY ADE

Notwithstanding the twin bell-curve that rise up vertically from around the chin-line of his moderate beard to part below each eye, the five-footed King Sunny Ade is an unassuming, mild figure.

His synthetic stage business are in fact powder-blue that is so popular a colour at the palm-style suits worn in tropical countries. They make a part of match with his navy-blue cotton overall, which is worn over King Sunny's only exotic garment, a collarless, floral-patterned, pink and grey shirt.

When I climb up to the top floor of Island Records' West London offices, and suddenly come face to face with a devastatingly imposing, grey-bearded, tall man in traditional African robes I assume that he is King Sunny but he is only one of the Nigerian juju musicians' several managers — he has a full complement with him of such people, a contract all managers in, I suppose, the collecting room.

King Sunny Ade himself really does look rather too nice to be someone who is spearheading a cultural revolution in the following Island Records' statement of intent with its two-faced (P)roper compilations, King Sunny Ade And The African Beats have become the first African artists to whom the label has given a full LP release — namely, for the 'Juju Music' album. Island intends to park African music with the same passion it devoted to reggae two years ago.

Certainly Africa is the current hip continent. In England this is only now becoming apparent. But in France it has been unquestionably evident for at least eighteen months. A French journalist friend recently told me that these days you can hardly move round in the darkest heart of Africa without tripping over whole editorial teams of Gallic newshounds, all working desperately for the true pulse of a continent. True to form, the said French writer I am also informed me that the purest form of music — its very primal source, as it were — is only made by Zairean pygmies. It is not believed that Zairean pygmy music is as yet widely obtainable on record.

King Sunny Ade has made 40 albums. These days none of them sells less than 200,000 copies. In London, CHRIS SALEWICZ meets the man who is spearheading a cultural revolution.

In fact, this sudden exposure of Africa is understandable. After all, the Back To Africa theme is part of the cosmography of reggae, and Jamaica itself was one of the very biggest crucibles of the revolution. Malcolm McLaren himself also partially envisaged what will be the inevitable plundering of African culture through his leading, led-led punk, snail Adam Ant's collection of recordings made by The Maroon Drummers Of Funchal — which, almost predictably, McLaren had acquired in Paris. Meanwhile, the British Punk movement has no doubt gone some of the way to persuading British musicians and music fans to look to the source of the music they are playing. The rhythms in most Western popular music having come from Africa in the first place — though despite the nation's appeal to liberal consciences, Africa is by no means the only inspiration of Western pop.

It is apt that Island Records, who nearly bankrupted themselves on breaking Bob Marley, should be leading the field with the Sound Of Africa records — attempts, one suspects, at offering an African equivalent of what the label's *Blades* (They Come) LP proved to be for reggae.



King Sunny Ade has released fifty albums in Nigeria over the past twelve years, and there's also some of them sells under 100,000 copies. Bigger than just the title of his first English LP release, *Jaja Manu* is a multi-market genre. The liner notes at his Island album state that jaja is "a tough melody meant chiefly for dancing on the traditions of the Yoruba, Nigeria's largest tribe. Jaja Manu is rooted in the complex call-and-response between the talking drums and the singers."

These eleven notes do not prepare you for the elements of *adun* and *gogo* and *dash* and *Western pop* that fuse together in the music of The African Beats. Nor do they ready you for the sense of calm and clarity that directed *adun* as you listen to the record. It is inspirational stuff, as is much of the *Sound Of African music*.

It was to find out more than these eleven notes allow that I talked to King Sunny Ade during the visit he was making to London to supervise the cutting of a further LP — this will only be released in Nigeria, much of King Sunny's prolific output as yet being reserved only for domestic consumption.

This is what I learned. Jaja was first heard of sometime in the 1930s. In the late 1950s Western restaurants began to be used by Jaja musicians. But "talking drums" remained the basis of the music, fulfilling the function as Western pop of the bass guitar — all the same, electric basses have now been introduced into Jaja groups to supplement the sound.

Jaja is a music that appears to be peculiar to the Yoruba tribe, of whom there are eighty million and around Nigeria — the whole of Western Africa, incidentally, is influenced by the music that comes out of Nigeria, whilst Southern Africa takes its sounds from Zaire (from pygmy music?) —

Faj Manu is big in Nigeria as well, and has been since the sixties. Faj also consists of the sound of talking drums, but with very complex rhythms, in which words are lost.

Fela Anikulade Kuti is no longer as popular as it once was, its sound now being regarded as rather dated. There is a connection between Fela and King Sunny Ade that is not just due to the former's decline and the latter's ascendancy. Appropriately enough, it is a French Connection.

Last year French record producers and entrepreneur in Martin Moussonnet put on a Fela show in Paris. But he did not reckon on the musicians hanging with him a seventy-strong entourage, whose upkeep bankrupted him. Attempting to return to solvency whilst at the same time recovering himself from the attention of his creditors, Moussonnet disappeared down to Nigeria. There he teamed up with King Sunny Ade, arranging his deal with Island, and also producing the *Jaja Manu* LP as well as playing keyboards on it.

King Sunny himself hails from the Nigerian town of Onitsha, and he is a crime prince of the Onitsha tribe. In 1963 he first took up the guitar. He was inspired by I. K. Diano, the founding father of jaja, and in 1966 formed a group, The Green Spots, who based themselves in Lagos, the Nigerian capital. The line-up of the eight-piece consisted of guitar, conga, mellophone, native mtronic, kanda, bongo, and about conga, talking drums, and bass drum. In 1967, King Sunny tells me, "I wanted my first record." It was called "Adamu Mi Olorun" which translates as "God Is Merciful". But, King Sunny says with a laugh, "we only sold twenty or thirty copies."

Obviously calling on what seems to be a shared ancestral name, The Green Spots' second LP was entitled "The Flaming Flamingers", the name of one of Nigeria's most popular football clubs, to whom the record was dedicated. "It was a big hit, at least with Flaming Flamingers' fans, of whom King Sunny himself is one."

A succession of hit singles followed. In 1970 The Green Spots recorded their first album — only one consisted of just one piece of music, whilst a number of songs made up the second side. "It was the first time that Jaja Manu had been stretched like that over one side of an LP," proclaims King Sunny proudly. The record was one of the year's most successful albums, selling 150,000 copies. From then on, King Sunny Ade has made three albums a year. "I work very hard," admits the King. "But in those early days there weren't any multi-track machines in Nigeria, so we would just record the band straight. Now that there are multi-tracks, everything takes much longer. There are twenty-five musicians now, so we need at least sixteen tracks."

The transition to one came about in 1973 when the group's



name was changed from The Green Spots to King Sunny Ade And His African Beats.

"A virginite company named a new product, 'Green Spot Cigarettes'," explains King Sunny. "I really didn't want to be associated with it. It meant that every time our name was mentioned it was like a commercial for the tobacco firm."

"At the time we were introducing a lot of Western instruments into our music. As we had to change our name, we called ourselves The African Beats, so that our records would not be misunderstood. In fact, the record was itself becoming much more African, so we took a name that would greatly describe the beat. At the same time we really expanded the line-up."

In keeping with this change in fit, the group leader also changed his own name, from Sunday — the day on which he had been born — to Sunny.

Three early recordings were all for the African Sounds Ltd. label. But in 1974 King Sunny set up his own company, which in Nigeria has released his records ever since. There are at least 400 independent labels in Nigeria, he says, as well as eight or nine majors.

The music on their records is written by The African Beats. King Sunny's function is to write the lyrics that, as lead vocalist, he sings himself.

"They are philosophical songs," he says. "They preach for love. Occasionally a song may be dedicated to an attempt to deal with some aspect of society, like evaluating tradition or corruption. But they are not political songs."

However, as most of his songs are sung in King Sunny's native Yoruba tongue — one number on the *Tajiri Music* LP is in English — there will presumably be considerable difficulty for Europeans who want to understand them, though the spirit of the music certainly comes through.

"As I hear you say," stresses King Sunny, "I will include more tracks in English. But English is not my mother tongue, and I don't think I speak it as well as I speak Yoruba. But at the same time to pass through the communication I will be singing in English occasionally, though never exclusively."

"I think," he suggests, "that I might sing on Yoruba and write lyrics in English, so that you can sing along with them."

"Anyway," he adds, "music is a communication in its own right. It's an education, as well as an entertainment."

During the Biafran war of the late sixties, in which the Biafrans attempted to secede from the state of Nigeria, King Sunny says that his music attempted to reflect what was really happening. "It was important to point out that the people in charge of the two sides must know the same that wherever the battle is taking place, the young ones are those who know nothing about why it is going on. The average people didn't understand why there was a war — none of them were expected to be happy. So we tried to remind them that wherever there's your gun is supposed to be your brother. Any war I take to be a bad war, even the war of words."

In the island Records press office much emphasis was being made of the supposed fact that King Sunny Ade will have to retire from music on the death of his father, the reigning king, whose position Sunny will then take over. This proved a handy hook on which to hang a story for the angle-waddy *First Street* newspaper. Unfortunately, it turns out to be utterly untrue. In fact, King Sunny looks rather amazed when I nervously quiz him about this.

"No," he denies this ridiculous attempt at PR, "I have chosen my way, and it is music. You can never leave music. Because it is in you. The moment you get awaked on if you can't get out from on your dying day you will still find yourself singing. And when you are laid down in your coffin they will sing to you. I would never believe anyone who said they were going to retire from music. Even if you just have a radio you will continue to think about it."

"I am automatically a prince," King Sunny continues, "but I was also crowned Best Musician Of The Year since 1975, so then I turned into the King of Musicians. So I'm King of Music instead. If you have a household name as a musician, you can be much more popular than a tribal king."

"By both I am a crown prince, but I am not interested in becoming a king. I wouldn't be able to perform onstage, or do the things I like, or sleep outside the city."

"Anyway," he comes to the crux of the matter, "there's a lot of other Yorubans before me."

If things go according to plan, King Sunny Ade And His African Beat will be undertaking an extensive tour of Europe before Christmas. What sort of stage show should we expect, I ask him.

"Well, I don't like to blow my own trumpet until you see it. But I have won so many awards for being Nigeria's best performer and showman."

"I can play for an or seven hours nonstop. In any country, you know," he chuckles brightly, "we always enjoy ourselves from morning to night."



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Beatniks

Remember to back when Zoo wasn't just another breed of Kennedy dog? They didn't get their blood mixed 'Till you should have seen the 1980's. Some of us were long there. Those who weren't will be able to recall the one big thing of that fact that the decade was the 1980's. A big thing is how close to worst to have the supposed masters of those years to sell everything from motorcycles to Chaco boots. A look at the 80's makes the Chaco

Willingbourne, De Cadele, Stennett, John Hays (one of the leading commentators on the contaminated white genocide), McCarthy and the Black Arts. An attempt to sustain the Australian Communist Party. The G.P.S. The Australian film industry as industry as a state of total collapse. The wrongs and the triumph. A-Ten's thinking. Kennedy's policy of 1918 and "standing in the Australia". "and said on criticism, Friedman was gone and we were unambiguously... World politics weren't exactly bright either. The USA was doing its level best to destroy the Chinese revolution (I called her developed the method in the 70s with operations such as Cuba and Portugal). The USA and the USSR were holding the hands of each other's heads, and it's still not clear why war didn't start in 1967. The fifteen made by-cryon, uplown, on age of suggested had optimism for those with the greatest good. As long as the weight and gainy edge had gone in the 50% of the new (rock) music, it became an era of renewed shapability. And with the few notable exceptions, aggression, philosophy and so on seemed to come to a full stop — all the more because the other media forms, as well

And he has green back with his
black hair and his black eye and his
black shoes and the big black back of
his coat.

from "The Afro-Asian Ombudsman," by Lawrence Farrelly

before Charles Beckwith and Nigel Roberts, before "Tubular Bells" and "Tut" -
Hard to think none all these existed in 1955,
can't it? But there shall be

WHAT DID THEY

Here we had budgets and policies. We had more magazines and records. We had massive anti-father feeling, and we still have it, despite all efforts made this country has tried. We had the destruction of Abolition Society, and we still have that anger. We've had that as an official policy for 300 years. But we did have something else, something preceding. We had brains. Spotskiss, it changes with Spotskiss for those of you born after 1940 with a great interest in the history of the Russian voice movement.

A look at a photo of James Dean in his room will show powder was one. That half-mocking look in the eyes. Later it was Peter, Paul and Mary on the record player or perhaps some songistry from Larry Howe or the more lushly recorded Sam Cooke.

The Estradas wrote on many things that they happen to have, except they were his place and he was interested in "letters." They liked Buddy Green, they went to see "A Southern Named Desire" and loved Victor Leigh as much as Brando. They drank coffee in shops, late at night, even in Atlantic. Their clothes were old, they made love but not. They were, inevitably, politically aware. And, probably, like Kurosawa himself, not Catholic. They lived in "pads," they'd walk ten miles to hear a poem if it was supposed to be good.

WILL A NEW FLY BY?

In the suburban minority. At least, mixed up with media tycoons on a suburban, but much changed, lot. There would, though, be a birth, was the 50's and the movement to liberate women had all of as implicit had been done since the 20's on a mass level. So they married each other, and the women raised the children and the men went out to work. The beard, lights and gaffe came the "The beatniks are everywhere", he changed "I gotta get used to the colored ones."

long hair, these were put away in the top of the closet with the other things. "Glibber" became the things the kids wanted, "Glibber" became a generally observed term for young musicians, and that was where the beatnik movement and lifestyle resided for 10 years — dead. Until the offbeat world began through hippies and poppers and beatniks and punks. Now the Lounge Ties in in Blues again, and the beatniks sing as all set — there on the street. You might not have noticed it in your city, but look back and you'll see. The beatniks' Blues returns.

INTERNET: <http://www.elsevier.com/locate/bsc>

Part of the reason for the Eastern Revival is that the western world is in the Depression. The Arabs no longer get skinned for their oil, and just running their wells costs the industrialized world more all the time. The cybernetic revolution is cutting the jobs needed to be done by oil hands. The dip is becoming the new ridge of the mountain — and this situation can only become a permanent reality.

[illegible]

In Australia, they were a pretty successful thing group, but not so in Britain and the USA. They were more middle-class, they had not before marriage. They were in the Peace Movement and the New South movement, which, of course, failed. They were in the extremely small minority of well educated poor people who did a good education in New or very small or medium and got jobs that would bring them lots of money. They were, like Kropotkin. They were that. They had some kind of energy, which was hard to believe in. They were then climbing along in front of all this stuff, considering, as a result from China. They were not real Communist. They believed in top down and bottom, as a group, and also the bottom.

The Bard of Salford

John Cooper Clarke

Nineteenth century clobber in a twentieth century hotel room. Surrealism baby

"I lean towards the nineteenth century poets" says John Cooper Clarke, who also happens to dress like them. "Percy Shelley, ah, then, I went on all female audience, y'know."

What, Shelley used to read live?
"Oh yeah, yeah, he used to do gigs. When he wasn't 'singing around grangeyards, or trying to discuss himself'."

On stage, John Cooper Clarke is a mass of hair and suit and shades with a million mile an hour mouth. On stage, and to be specific, in the hotel room at the Cosmopolitan Inn, Leeds, he's an even bigger mass of hair, suit and shades. His mouth doesn't move as quickly, but he can still be very funny.

Other favourite poets? Hardtits, pup, and Coleridge. "In fact," says Clarke, in his unmistakable Manchester drawl, "When I first started in this business I was thinking of calling myself John Kubla Khan."

Popular poets try a size commodity in the machine age, but then John Cooper Clarke is very much a machine-age poet. He reads 'em fast, a veritable torrent of words and images punctuated only by gasps for air. You have to strain to catch them all — a valuable asset in holding an audience's attention, and one that a new generation of punk-influenced poets in the UK have adopted with alacrity. For example "something really, it's from Leeds. It's a nice 'read. He does poems about... here's *Artful the Shitbird*, it's from *Markus New Times*. It's alright, but it's a bit of an obvious Trotskyist. He wears 'a political heart on his sleeve'."

As well as the new poets, who like Clarke, perform in rock pubs, the established poetry scene have sought JCC's patronage. British poet Michael Horrocks organised an event called the Poetry Olympics last year which saw new and established poets sharing a bill at Manchester's *Albion*. That's where the *Queen* poet married, y'know? "It was a success," says Clarke, "in as much as the established poets are welcoming and making a living again."

Cooper Clarke's favourite new English poet is Lynton Kwesi Johnson, a young black whose poetry, like JCC's, is strongly laced with social comment and reality. The two poets did a British tour together, the best tour he's ever done, according to Clarke.

"We complemented each other perfectly, we're a show, intense, moody reader and I'm, y'know, just."

Cooper Clarke came to Australia with fellow Manchester, New Order, name of whom have played on the hard of Salford's album in fact Cooper Clarke often supported Jay



John Kubla Khan. Photo: John Hartmann

Divison, before singer Ian Curtis committed suicide and the remainder of the band became New Order. Cooper Clarke sees the two acts as complementing each other, but adds wryly that he can be as depressing as those of his rivals.

The tour has been an unqualified success for JCC, large crowds everywhere testifying enthusiastically to his rapid skill and performance. In fact in Perthshire did his longest set ever, one and a half hours, because the crowd wouldn't let him go.

Clarke confesses he's going through an isolated period at present, but isn't too worried as he means to make one. One plan he has is to rent an office and write poetry in it.

"I'm a great believer in machines," he states seriously. "I put you in the line of mind where you recognise inspiration when it happens. I respond very well to deadlines."

Another ball stanza I project is a recording of Shelley's *The Monk of Ancyra*. "That's a real long one that. A double album. Or even a boxed set?" he laughs.

Donald Robertson

people who are on that business are far better educated than their unemployed poet counterparts and have different cultural explanations.

They are also different from those around them in that they'll spend their date cheque on a new pair of sneakers or an old car, plus a cinema ticket, rather than a sensible book.

"Jack Kerouac sat beside me on a heated iron pole; companion, we thought the same thoughts of the soul, black and blue and red-eyed, surrounded by the garbled steel riots of trees of machinery."

from "Sunflower Sutra", Allen Ginsberg

WHERE TO SEE THEM

Any street. After shop, but especially "Kaggle's", "Black Cat". They're the people in stripes and record shops climbing the ladders of hi-fi, and early hi-fis in they perk out FPM or Buddy Guy. They point in all shapes and sizes, and the only adjective that can really tick them is "beat". No, beat isn't just something that XTC use to describe young people they're making music, it's a whole way of life, it's like having. But you don't have to be young to be a beatnik.

Sydney for instance, is crowded with older beatniks. Socialites with lumpy pompadour, professors who want to embrace the moon, they're all here. It's on in your city too. You just haven't noticed it yet. Australia's beating people by a silent army of beatniks, with ash eyes and smoking pompadour. Go out and look. Beatniks are everywhere, with Kerouac under their arms and the headlong surge of *Neale Casady*. They say the energy source of beatniks: See them click their fingers.

Felix Ward

Jim Kerr sprawls across his bed at the Casper Bay Hotel, the largest capacity rock pub in Sydney. In his distinctively Scottish brogue, punctuated by a stammer when his mouth can't quite work as fast as his very agile mind, he says, "Quite honestly Donald, I feel more at home here than I do in London."

Outside his room, as the late afternoon sun splashes on the courtyard below, the queues of people for tonight's performance are already hundreds long and making more than enough noise to drown out the sound of the Pacific Ocean crashing onto the beach fifty yards away. The feeling is strictly reciprocal: you see Jim Kerr likes Sydney and Sydney definitely likes Jim Kerr.

never seen the darkness before... or the sun. Growing up in Glasgow you're told that anyone looking at the sky is a dreamer... at most. They teach you to look right... and look back and look sideways to make sure that no one else is coming... but don't look up at the sky. But I found myself looking up and thinking, fuckin' hell... we lost!"

The band of self-confidence generated by conquering such a far away place at their first attempt also had a relaxing effect. As Jim puts it, "Before I was always confident we had good ideas, but we were possibly trying too hard. A bit too forced. And this time... things. I don't know, we just seemed to get things much more in perspective."

Getting a perspective on Simple Minds is no easy task. On one level, the surface they run with the contemporary electro pop jack. But look closer and there's a softness, something old... very old, strange and yet familiar in other words. It's almost as if they tap into some primordial wellspring of knowledge, or at least energy. There's had done.

"Earlier this year," says Jim, "we were on television a couple of times and my parents

McMell the collective mantle of 'braves of the band'. Derek Forbes, bass is the band's most propulsive unit, although Jim candidly states that Derek's major motivation is to be a pop star... rock and rollers. The drummer at the moment, Mike Ogilvie, is more or less a hard bass and provides a much less dominant sound than that provided by previous drummer Kenny Hyslop, whose playing was such a highlight of Simple Minds last trip down under.

But of the live performers that have didn't quite live up to the shocking intensity of 1981, as the precision and depth of 'New Gold Dream' they were still precious mistakes to measure. The most ironic that was Cronulla Wicket Club celebrating to the vibrant of 'The Americans' from a thousand yards. Outside, the other bands during the 'Big Day' at Sydney's Capital Theatre, the much of pleasure at Sydney during the first hour of 'Glittering Pear' and many others.

And now they've gone, there's still 'New Gold Dream'.

With this album," states Jim, "there was a desire to make an album that just does. Whether it was getting played on the radio, or

A NOT SO SIMPLE MIND

Jim Kerr in Sydney

by Donald Robertson

A year ago when Simple Minds first returned down under... Jim recalls making an article on the day he arrived. It said, 'Toss a coin to decide who are the most unknown Simple Minds at Echo and the Bunnymen'. There was no doubt who was the most popular when both bands left the country however. Quite simply, Scotland's rock Simple Minds polished head of Caledonian funk by its large heart, whereas the Bunnymen stayed behind underground.

The turnaround in Simple Minds' fortunes this time, with the shining success of 'Promised You a Miracle' and 'Glittering Pear' and the burnished brilliance of 'New Gold Dream 81-82 83 84' is beyond, on Jim's mind at least directly back to last year's Antipodean adventure.

"At the start of the engines I think it is all people... including ourselves, got stirred away with the idea of the world being a truly modern place. Technology... machines... synthesizers... a detachment... a confidence that when we came to Australia last year I became a lot more concerned about earthy values. About people that I met and feelings... just things I hadn't thought about since I was very young.

It just actually dawned on me that I'd

really looked out because they didn't recognise me. And I can never recognise the look in my eyes either. The same with the way I move. I'm really quite a stiff person and just playing I seem to loosen up and I can get into any form I like. I don't know what it is."

Stagecraft skills are not limited to stage performance for Jim either. His elaborate lyrics, phrases and images dating out all the heavily rhythmic music, seem to inspire the subtle circumstances of the mind and teeth deeper, hidden levels. Unlike the more contained 'Rough Roughs' but up multiple, where different phrases are combined randomly, often by shuffling pieces of paper, Jim Kerr's lyrics seem to come spontaneously.

I can just sit and look at a blank page for hours and suddenly these lines come. I don't think about them — I don't analyse. When I look at them later I often think, 'What the fuckin' had made me write that? What is it that came through? Because a lot of the language I would never normally use'.

Although Jim Kerr is the most recognisable element in Simple Minds, he gives us just the combination of elements within the band is what provides its crucial chemistry. Jim is quick to concede to guitarist Charles Buxton and keyboard player Mike

a disapprover or just sitting at home, it really had to be there and be bright. And have a feeling of hopefulness and optimism.

I remember when we recorded 'Promised You a Miracle'. We had two days to go before going to Europe and we had the song and we sang, Vipers, our record company and said, 'We think we've got the hit single.' And they said, 'well you'll have to dance it first and Martin Blackwell's busy at the moment so and we said, 'No, we want to do it now, look trust us this time.' And they said O.K. It was a real rush job — I remember we had three hours to catch the boat to Sweden. The way was coming up when we were doing the final mix and I was thinking 'This isn't it.' And then I thought, 'Well, what fuckin' is it?' Because if we're this and that and hold up in a box then we should quit right now."

'Promised You a Miracle' was the first glimpse of the band's breaking out of its cocoon. To complete the metamorphosis, the band retired to an old mansion in the Highlands of Scotland. With previous albums Jim takes the band's attitude to that most students feel before a exam. 'We almost left we had to please everyone else first.' To psyche each other up the band used to stick up huge signs with words such as 'WE MIGHT HAVE



Jan Kerr, photo Virginia Turbett

SMALL LIES BUT OUR HEAVES ARE AS BIG AS CABBAGES?

"We really will ourselves into making things happen."

Success brings pressures as well as rewards, but because Simple Minds have evolved gradually, Jan Kerr seems aware of the danger of going overboard on popular acclaim.

"We're very very selfish. We want to be up there on the top, we want to be on the front pages, but we want to be private people too. I can never underline the importance of the fans or the love we get when people identify with what we're doing. But having to live up to what is expected of us after the show is a bit. I don't want to be glorious, and I don't want to be made, but I don't want to be a

country having its picture taken. Because it's so people love."

What's more, through the services of journalists and vocal manager Bruce Fordley and efficient and unflappable tour manager Larry Lowe, Simple Minds seems very much in control of their own destiny. Their decision to kick off their world tour in Australia caused some raised eyebrows at home, but the band felt like demonstrating their gratitude for last year's welcome.

"You all gave us a chance last year. Every other country we've been to, we've had to fight like hell for the chance. And even then sometimes it felt begrudged. We came here and we got the attention of the record company, we got the attention of [E], we got the big spreads in *ROADRUNNER*, and we hadn't

had anything like that degree of recognition from N M E. Then 'We really were knocked out'."

I mean, we're just getting into a money-making whirlwind now, but we couldn't afford to bring Bruce, our manager out with us. Bruce had to handle the money to come. And he came because he wouldn't fucken mess it for the world. He knows what it's like, he knows the buzz here.

The crowd came from the courtyard below, poured in the entrance doors to a club. We walk to the balcony and gaze out at the throng. Well, the sea in the background is a quarter-century Australian scene, yet Jan Kerr, the young man who still lives with his parents in the Cornton area of Glasgow, doesn't look at all out of place.

DARK SIDE OF THE WALL

THE WALL
(DIRECTOR: ALAN PARKER)

*So you thought you might like to go to the show
To feel the warm touch of confusion
That space creates glow
Tell me is something sliding your sunshine
to that wall what you expected to see?"*
— In the First Part I
— The Wall

The Wall is not for your average cinema-goer seeking escapist entertainment. Even avid Pink Floyd fans may well feel cheated and disappointed at being subjected to Roger Waters' heavy-handed tirade of paranoia.

However, *The Wall* stands on its own as an unrelated, disturbing masterpiece. It is a confronting and extremely demanding audio-visual experience.

The film is set in the haunting, beleaguering train cells of a hung-up and shrinking rock star called Pink, played surprisingly well by Bob Geldof. Like poor Pink (and as he realises he's skated too far — right into the cracks in the thin ice of his psychical life) are about to witness his nervous breakdown.

Without compromise or consolation, Pink's mind claws through itself, leaving at the most fragile and basic of emotions and instincts — loneliness, parental abandonment, sexual paranoia, self-doubt, etc. — intense and heavy stuff, which is remarkably portrayed on screen through superbly qualified camera work and graceful, symbolic animation courtesy of Gerald Scarth. The film's sheer technical ingenuity and confidence is hard to fault.

The Wall contains a minimum of dialogue, relying almost totally on the songs and lyrics from the Pink Floyd album of the same name for soundtrack. This device works extremely well and is a crucial factor in grasping the film as a whole.

Pink's mental rambling throws up many black and critical views on modern-day living. Paranoia is drawn between the horrors of World War II and the war-zone lifestyle of modern-day cities. The power of figures such as politicians or over-the-top pop stars is likened to Napoleon and modern-day fascists. While some of the blackest art-of-history and will relate only to shoulders, with corresponding chaos, others do hit the proverbial nail on the head.

The traumatic journey through the various orbits with the inevitable destruction of Pink is clearly as a sane individual but also, positively with the explosion and destruction of his wall. We hear him struggle on the outside at last, noisy but frightened, and able with a very good,



*The bleeding hearts and the angels, mass
their stand
And when they've given you their all
Some stagger and fall, after all it's not easy
Banging your head against some dead
bigger a wall?"*
— Outside the Wall

If you're willing to leave the confort and are not afraid to see how your own wall measures up, then you'll find *The Wall* a worthwhile experience. Recommended for all would-be explorers, thinkers, anarchists, lunatics and geniuses. It's a little low after all.

Bibi A. Tranter-Hill

I LOVE YOU E.T.

Take every major insecurity of twentieth-century Western middle-class society, add the plot of *Little Orphan Annie*, the worst scenes from Mary Poppins and breakfast cereals, style as if Imagery, and there you have it. It makes *Star Wars* look like a literary classic.

An appealingly pointless story about a cutting-edge fantasist (being that we're talking about a little boy) and his alien doll (being that it's a little girl) is a little bit of a mess. It's a mess with one meaning: psychic powers. It's the ability to make EMS look like

Spelling manipulates our emotions with the precision of a snapper. His psychics are the main attraction. (More eggs, the search for Gai in con-

temporary test bed crisis. The desire for mankind's lot of the powers of the invisible mind is the first of the apparatus of information and the meaning for love both in adult and child.

Even the meaning of the powers of the mind is shown, however, finally settled: until one is more apparent as a possible father figure. The director's setting of the powers of the mind is the most beautiful of the powers of the mind.

Spelling engineers all this, but to what can it do? This is pure cinematographic. (Orson of the stars of the past.) A thoroughly depressing movie.

SIMON PENNY



Kissing to be clever



CULTURE CLUB

Their first album includes

White boy (dance mix)

Do you really want to hurt me



CULTURE CLUB
KISSING TO BE CLEVER



LP W 0232 Cassetts VC 0232



AN INDEPENDENT SINGLE

So you're in a band, you've got a pretty good live following and you feel it's time you had a record out.

What do you do?

Arch Brown details the production of the Hoodoo Guru's first single, 'Leilani.'

Phantom Records

Independent label runs from a specialist import record store in Fitz Street Sydney. Then first single was released May 1980 and since then the label has toiled a reputation of being an A and R department for the major record companies, a tag the label and store partners don't mind having.

The label had store partners as Dave Jennings and Jules Northington. Jules looks after the store and Dave runs the Tohachi factory. The label has been a great promotion for the store and achieved its own credibility and visibility. Dave and Jules are quick to point out though that the label's not big business. Even big independents with turnover sales of up to 5,000 copies, which some Phantom releases have done, is not many a success.

Dave and Jules have seen the limitations and risks involved in trying to make best selling records and don't see the risk and effort being worth the trouble. Besides, the business at the store and factory are sufficiently rewarding and time consuming.

Dave's only two aims of the total dedication required to push bands in the top and the kick in the pants from unsatisfied artists, will move onto another label as soon as there it always be time.

Phantom operate on tape lease deals. 'We only deal in finished tapes,' said Jules. The Phantom deal at 10% of 100% of sales minus Sals, Tax and 5% of 100% for publishing. These terms are roughly double those offered on standard major label and publishing deals, but obviously total sales are limited.

Dave and Jules go out and see a lot of bands. Jules keeps a diary of what he sees and he may see 100 bands in a year. Earlier this year one of the bands they saw were the Hoodoo Gurus.

The clouds of fortune were gathering above the Hoodoo, a Beatles/Creeps like band.

They were riding their usual top reputation, Dave remembers. 'They were at the stage in every band's career where they didn't know if they were going to be the next Beatles.'

They were before Stuart Coupe began managing them. They were headlining, uncompromised and manager free. Dave and Jules liked them and decided to release a one off single.

As Jules already pointed out, the label only deals in finished tapes provided by the artist at the artist's expense. However, it's a happy period that at the time the label had a credit at the PMO '80 studios and they offered the

band an advance against the band's royalties.

Dave concedes that from the label's point of view, this was a mistake. 'We thought they'd be quick,' Dave tells. But as soon as they thought someone else was paying, they got overconfident. They still gather fees and had masses of custom in the studio to do backing vocals. Usually the good thing about independence is that people have a strict budget and they get into the studio and make their quickly.

They went about ten hours overtime in the 24-track studio, which means the label will have to sell up to 5,000 copies to break even.

Marlin Phango expressed an interest in SL Capes at one time. So when Kimberly Kendall asked Marlin if he'd like to produce the



Hoodoo's single, he agreed. The recording took place in May and the band was there the whole time.

When the band agreed the man's lawyers were out and the last payments arrived at the shop two and a half weeks later. Test pressings are the first records pressed from the plates which stamp the records. One test pressing went to the band and the other was kept at the store.

After the test pressing was approved by the band an order was placed for an initial 1,500

copies, with 1000. The exact number of pressings can't be controlled and due to a mass discounting problem only 1,100 were delivered.

Meanwhile the printing of covers and labels had been underway.

Two labels, one for each side are needed. The labels need to be at the record factory when the order for the first run is placed. The labels are moulded onto the surface of the record.

SLM can arrange printing and artwork of labels, but Phantom prefer to arrange that over. The stock Phantom label is kept in quantities at a premium for \$201,000. Specific details of each release are overprinted at \$19,100.

Phantom singles are distinguished by their covers, always coloured and made of durable cardboard. Jules. 'It costs that way forever and so we make them so that they'll look good forever.'

Artwork is left entirely in the hands of an artist. Dave. 'They're paid a token amount, but we allow them to do what they want. They do it for the enjoyment and a chance to see their work printed.'

Four placemats needed for the covers at a cost of \$126. The printing and cardboard came to \$246,150.

The posters too, were printed with four colours. Dave. 'They cost a packet, but it's all in the spirit we're attempting it.'

The covers and the records were delivered to the store where they were pushed by the staff. When the work load is too great helpers are hired for these projects.

By middle October it had sold 881 copies, 150 in the shop, 352 elsewhere in Sydney and 189 interstate.

Manager Stuart Coupe decided which radio stations and magazines to send the record to. Phantom mailed a copy to New York Bookers.

Karen was well all right, although Jules magazine failed to review it.

10-PM Sydney and 88.8-FM Melbourne both picked the record up enthusiastically. Adelaide not only did the progressive after curve. 88.8-FM play it, but the record rose high as the charts of 88.8-FM, a commercial station.

Phantom have more releases planned, including a Running Blanks live EP.

Jules and the label is unaffected by the present slump in record sales. 'People don't mind paying \$3.50 for a record of a band they go and see,' he said. But independence has lost the importance they had two or three years ago. Interest in them outside the band core band followers has diminished.

Dave wishes that bands could be more direct and get in from approach to making their own records. Given that someone has resigned themselves to making an independent, he feels they should approach the process as a quality promotion to take to a record company. To this end he feels the high cost of Phantom covers and posters is justified.

Both Dave and Jules agreed. 'Our entrance is whether we'd buy the record ourselves

DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS

THE NEW FOUR-TRACK 12" 'PAYLOAD' EP
BY HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS
• 140002 •



THE TRIFIDS
"THE TRIFIDS SPANISH BLUE TWISTED BRASS"
1984



HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS



THE TRIFIDS
"INTIMACY"
1984

THE NEW FOUR-TRACK 12" 'PAYLOAD' EP
BY HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS - ONLY \$4.99

WHEEL
STOCKS X14002

Sharp Camouflage



This is pop-pop, says Les Beas, her minuscule wings flapping against the bridge as she reaches for a treat coated in the same greens: blue, purple and grey brunois robes as a glossy visible surface in the day.

More than just living with your work, this is "living conceptualism" — where everything matches. Face, hat, clothes, shoes, furniture, apartment, grocery and ornaments. Even the pop poem recited cross has been paired.

"Bloodless Coup: Decorating" is Les Bean's "combat against urbanity" — a sort of palliative against the landscape.

Armed with paint, she loves her job and is a stylist and designer, her field is fashion and furniture.

The urban capital market begins to

automata after their construction [1, 6, 10].
 Furthermore, the step complexity of the algorithm is reduced to $\Theta(n)$ in which the value of n is the number of nodes in the network.

Before that she was married to John, a hard antique dealer in Hollywood, which she has discussed in *Blackmail*.

Besides studying Japanese in 1967-68, Les Bean says she's read a few books and hasn't seen a movie in 10 years. She confesses to being an art world neophyte. The rest of the world she's seen a bit of, starting with a trip to England in 1968 and then to Japan in 1972.

Nowadays travel is beyond her means. But her clothes travel. She painted a suit for Terry Lee which he wore onstage here and at the Comedy Club in Dallas.

In Darlington, there's a donut shop and a small roadside convenience store, but no bank.



Despite a large focus on human and pete cancer cell lines, researchers are important that hand-to-hand be carried on in a technological age.

A minimalist support for the way she is employed by the "barbarity and coarseness and crudeness of Sydney's established people."

"I feel like creating a fashion which I don't expect people to want to understand or in any way be absorbed in."

John and Sharon

The CASIO Keyboards

Let's get down to business. You're not remodeling making some noise of your own. But you want something a little less phlegm than a guitar, less linear than brass, and not quite as basic as stick-on skin. The tendency to leave you in front of the keyboard section — a grinning array of features that seem at least and not much to be. The way most musicians demonstrate them, I'd tend to agree, but the shape and price of keyboards in general is getting much better.

The shape's being more functional and accessible, and the price more in line with a few weeks pay (if you have a job) than a home loan. Companies like Lowrey, Yamaha and now Technics are bowing for your consumerism, but as far as their quality of tone and playability go, Casio is the one to watch out. This is no sales pitch by the way, just a personal recommendation born of many hours spent with the instruments in question.

To start at the top of the fully-fledged real musical instrument line, dig up a 2002 new (5510) or secondhand, matters naught. You'll find in front of you a spacious, compact unit — a full-sized 6-note polyphonic keyboard with simple controls. Take little notice of the preset sound names, they range from silly to almost accurate, but note the goodly supply (49 one per key) and the simple memory access system. The only other controls are an on/off sustain switch and a three-stop vibrato slider.

Being digital means that these machines run on specific programmes, which makes tone and sound shape more a matter of on/off than continuously variable, but then you can't have everything, well not all at once. No risky drink drum-machines here either, or other automated bits to make things easier. This is a successful attempt at a "professional" machine in the budget range.

To get the most out of any Casio, you should at least use a chorus pedal (a Boss CE-2 or Electro Harmonix Polychorus), but, especially with the 302, to really open up the device's potential, get a properly



modified. For under \$140 a quantum-made capable of two separate sounds per note (attack/release), 4-stage vibrato (and sustain) on each sound and 2 individual outputs. For details on these and other modifications, contact Robin White (03) 819 8181 42 Yenda St Nth Balwyn. After that is just a matter of finding a reliable technician to do the job. You can carry the 302 under your arm, it sounds good at home, thru the built-in speaker, holds up excellently on stage and is very quiet for late studio use goes. Every home should have one.

Enough of the pet store, on to the rest of the menagerie. First becoming a classic workhorse for the unweary among us is the MT-30, well worth picking up secondhand, as the new model (MT-31, \$140) isn't quite as good (although 300 cheaper than the original). It's basically a cream plastic port-sized version of the 202, half-sized keys (playable tho'), on/off vibrato and sustain and a single silicon chip to generate the 22 sounds. The tones aren't as crystalline as its bigger brother's, but sounds like piano and distorts are actually a little richer. Because of the short keyboard, useful modifications to have done involve adding an octave-drop and a half speed (effectively another octave drop). A filter bypass also doubles the number of potential sounds and adds a root-chord top edge, immensely useful.

Casio's don't really function as proper synthesizers, but there are quite a few good sounds they're capable of that are difficult to find even on synth ten times their retail price.

More in the home organ line, you may

come across the 101, a chunky but full-sized version of the MT-30, and the recently conceived automated models. Starting with the rather lame 403 (only rhythm machine, auto-chords and ten so-so sounds) at \$490 things escalate up to the super-whizzy 701 (\$639).

Not only does it simultaneously integrate bassline and auto-chord, but it also reconfigures factory arrangements of pop tunes with its very own light pen, and even lets you programme in (after a fashion) a tune and arrangement of your own. Very exciting as taped variations on blandness go. I really wish those designers wouldn't insult the average person's intelligence/creativity with such trade-offs.

But in keeping with Casio's progressive policies of integrating good ideas and scaling down prices, there is now a 501 model, more compact, better designed and a tad quieter than the 701. For \$325, an ideal Christmas present for the family.

A cut down version of this is also available in the MT-30 format. As usual the drum machine and basic woody tones lie to the side down, but at \$248 it's a better proposition than its nearest Yamaha counterpart.

The next model down, the MT-80 (\$295) actually has more (better) tones, stronger rhythms, plus the standard left-hand one-finger tricks — a reasonable buy for those who wish to plink along under head-phones on the bus or train. All in all, these machines aren't bad, but if you're a little more serious about things, you'd be better advised to invest in a MT-30 or Roland TR-606 drum machine and a TR-303 Baseline (both \$325).

TYRONE FLEX

NEW ALBUM

JOIN THE WINNERS' CIRCLE



Olivia

Alaya

words & design



Roadrunner 49

NEW YORK NEW YORK

by keri phillips

New York was dramatically shaken out of the musical doldrums into which it had fallen over the last couple of months by the arrival of Nina Hagen. The temporary closure of the Peppermint Lounge had left the city as just about the only place in town where anything seemed to be happening. And even there, on most nights, you could be forgiven for thinking you had stumbled into an understated' con-vention by mistake. Nina Hagen changed all that. Solidly built East German woman who are classically trained sopranos are rather rare in the rock world. And Hagen's formidable voice, filtered through an ultra-modern punk sensibility, makes Siouxsie Sioux look like Lady Di.

NINA HAGEN — MAKING SIOUXSIE LOOK LIKE LADY DI

I'm not too sure how Hagen managed to get to the West, but I'm sure as hell the authorities didn't pull up much of an attempt to stop her. She landed up in Amsterdam and fell into a much publicized liaison with Herman Brood, a lumpy Teutonic junkie and would-be pop star. When rumors of a marriage began to rumble through the European underground, one or both parties panicked, and Nina took the worst for her association with such a terminal degenerate started to vilify the English-speaking world via some satirical depictions with that other delightful land under ruddy duce, Little Lovers.

Sporadic and generally frightening recorded works enabled Hagen to be rather confused as to which side of the border to assault. First she tried a version of the Robert White-Rankin on Soap, long after they were fashionable, and made a name for herself out of a treasury of American music called African Reggae, which is definitely her Cowling recorded moment to date. For the rest, it's mostly German punk throwings of no great note. Which is why her performance was such a blast of unexpectedly bracing air after all the pre-decided sledge and synthesizer cuties that have paraded through here of late. God only knows what it was she sang about, but it was certainly scolding, absorbing and funny. Unlike Australia's Jean Louis who never seemed relaxed when her uptown voice found itself swimming downriver among rocks (therefore tripping Hagen

managed to meld her glorious tones to a rock and roll attitude and come out with something like, chickal new).

Uninformed of rock's backness, she and her band (a motley collection of weirdo and strays from around the globe) work their way through a bunch of songs, impenetrable not only because I have apparently not heard any of them before, but also because they are sung in German.



Hagen allows her voice to try slipping within the range of the possibly imaginable, and then some. The rest of her apparitions is accompanied by some electronic dis-harmony she twiddles throughout the show. The yelps and growls, sporadic strappings and full-throated roars abound. The accompanying fiscal comments are positively gripping. Just what is all this racket about? Some words manage to fight their way out of the maelstrom — God, religion, the cosmos and other matters metaphysical. But what else comes of them is impossible to discern. One thing is for sure, though. This party figure, with the elaborately cut and decorated meta-punk haircut and such bear-ugly legend "Dr Death", isn't afraid of much.

Someone else who made some pretty bold moves on an MTV stage recently is former-blonde girl Laurie Anderson. Like Madonna, Anderson comes to rock and roll from a very different background. Having been comfortably ensconced in the international world of art (as a performance artist) before coming to stage it in the twenty-five hours of the nation. It was not so much Anderson seeking out a rock audience with work tailored to please, more a case of discovering that what she did (visual music with a variety of instruments and devices, illustrated with films and tapes) could find an interested audience beyond the confines of art galleries and museums.

Capitalizing on the surprise success of her independently released single "O Superman" in Britain (thanks to the jumpstart of the BBC in going with an eight minute single), she signed with Warner Brothers and is now touring in support of the album she has put together subsequently. *Big Science*.

LAURIE ANDERSON — COMING OUT OF THE GALLERIES

It's hard to imagine how her record has been received in the American hinterland, and impossible to contemplate her reception at the Elton John Palladium if such a thing occurred. Here in New York, the impact of Laurie Anderson in an actual venue closely housing similar live concerts with the likes of Orin Ockbourne, was softened by the presence of many who would rarely find themselves at the Palladium, but who have followed Laurie Anderson from art gallery to rock venue with unwavering devotion. For such fans, the show offered little that was new.

Anderson concentrated on material from *Big Science* (in itself a good sampler of the Anderson oeuvre), but ran the full range of her on stage arsenal. Vocalists offered the pitch of her voice, brass players, singers and even a bag-pipe player augmented the sound, and synthesizers combined with slides on the big screen to create everything from the mundane sounds and images of everyday life to the eerie road at a wall in the depths of a desolate night. Small vignettes were created with just a inkjet and a telephone, and when it was anything threatened to get a little too serious, a dash of humor

lessened the whole after 60 minutes. She floated on the screen the words, "I am only doing it for the money."

While it was hardly a big test of Anderson's potential as a mainstream rock performer, the concert did show that she is not so far removed from the pop world that she could not carve out an odd but legitimate niche for herself. Rock music is nothing if not eclectic. Laurie Anderson may not challenge Foreigner to their throne, but those rock fans who do fall into her clutches will have an evening of intriguing music of the very best. The more perspective will look into a career subtly reflecting in a way that leaves interpretation quite open, their own society. As for me, I went with anticipation (the presentation of the indie United States Parts I IV (the spots from which all Anderson's "numbers" are drawn) at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in late October).

Following on the heels of these two unusual members of the rock community came the long awaited NY resurgence of Madonna. Confused. Last time she was here (1982), she was the last guest of



NEW ALBUM

NO.1 JOIN THE WINNERS' CIRCLE



1982

SUPERTRAMP

records & tapes



the then booming Saturday Night Live. Whether she had, as the channel's voice laid low as influence, or whether it was simple terror that kept those vocal chords firmly constricted, she certainly made a very poor showing. In spite of the good press she had received for her comeback LP *Broken English*.

That she has survived at all, let alone put out (now) two albums (one showing, the other merely good) is a testament to Faithfull's

MARIANNE FAITHFULL — UTTERLY TRANSFIXING

perseverance — or perhaps just good luck. From the flowering of her talents in the 1960s as part of the swinging London scenario, to her decade afterward while in Australia for the filming of *Red Hot* with Mick Jagger, to her periodical involvement in heavy drug use (leading to her arrest on a heroin charge as late as last year) she seems to have been determined to throw away whatever chance she had for a successful career as singer, actress, and more just plain old human being. Perhaps such excesses are what have made it possible for this latest upward twist in the story of Marianne Faithfull. She has certainly exposed her troubles to considerable effect on disc, *Broken English* and *Deepground Acquiescences* reveal Faithfull's capriciousness on the dark side of the street — failed relationships, the ghastly realization of the passing of time, and sexual jealousy at its ugliest.

Such gloomy concerns, however, did not prevent large numbers of NY patrons and real people from turning out to the first of Marianne Faithfull's three nights at the NYC's Citi Field Blues and Dishes Hallmark were reported in attendance at this most unexpected event. As with any Johnny Thunders' performance, there was an element of gleeful curiosity in the air. Would this wreck of a human being be able to hold up through the rigors of a live show, especially one which required such exposure of emotion to be convincing?

Unlike a Thunders' show, though, this was not the ONLY thing of interest to the audience, and as the songs jacked up confidence through the set, she increasingly warm response held none of the present interest that would have turned the night into some sort of rock show. Faithfull started off unapologetically, smoking cigarette after cigarette, trying to calm herself. The early part of the set came largely from *Deepground Acquiescences*, and although her attitude was uncertain, her voice was nearly as good as it is on disc, pulling past to the raucous that she's usually sung. Surprise covers of the night included Sly & the Family Stone's "Dance Night" and the old Buffalo Springfield number "For What It's Worth." The turning point of the night came about half way through the set when she belted out a powerful rendition of John Lennon's *Working Class Hero*. While you can't complain about Lennon's version of the song — in Faithfull's hands it became absolutely mesmerizing, a moment of intensity that was almost terrifying. She became positively superhuman, delivering a performance that transcended just about anything I've ever seen on stage. It was utterly transcendent — an experience that transcends the memory barrier.

After that, anything else had to be almost anti-climatic. That's not to say she relaxed her grip on us, though. She even belted a (covering) *My Dilemma* — a song that, as a songwriter, I hadn't expected her to sing a live performer. Almost as an added bonus,

her band was great, too. A couple of the players had worked on her LPs — guitarist and song writer Barry Reynolds and drummer Terry Stannard. Fernando Sarmiento, a highly regarded bass player, added his quiet, off rhythmic punch to the ensemble. While it is unlikely that Marianne Faithfull will sustain a commitment to the work that will take her much beyond the occasional gig for her and there, the chance to see her must not be missed.

History of a different kind was to be found at a recent gig by Ponié Hendryx, version of Label 10 before substantial success in the seven-tens (included the disco hit *Lady Madonna*) and, more recently, the expanded line-up of Talking Heads. I'm not too sure of all the particulars of Hendryx' career since she, Patti LaBelle, and Sarah Dash parted company, but I do know that following the break, she attempted to establish herself as a rock performer with at least one album of competently executed but uninspiring material. I lost sight of her until she resurfaced on *Roman in Light* with the Heads and subsequently joined them for their 1980 tour as a ring person. She can be seen in the steps on the cover of *The Name Of This Band Is Talking Heads*, along with another superb singer, Debbie McDonald and non-percussionist Steve Scales, who are both now working with Hendryx.

In the twenty months I've seen her, Hendryx has appeared with a variety of outfits and, until a couple of months ago, I had always put off seeing her.owing to the "she lives here, I'll catch up with her sooner or later" philosophy. Having seen her with her latest band Propaganda, I have become an instant convert and must say that this musical juggernaut is the most exciting thing I've witnessed for months at the moment.

Highlights of this can be glimpsed on her badly mislabeled vinyl output during this time. There's *Thinking Out* with a band called Hetero! on the 21 records sampler *Seven Mile Beat*, and two twelve inch singles — her version of the Manson classic *Jesus Is Like An Arsch In My Heart* (produced by Jerry Harrison and Rusta Jones) and available here as a French import, and *Do What Ya Know Do* (produced by Rusty Eugene [London 1982] and featuring a band called The Cage [this was the title] on of names and connections) (distributed by M. Hetero's apparent record company for the singles) — do what you want to do — and although it's only days old, news of her signing to WEA means that a wider audience than New York will have the good fortune to be able to find out just what that is.

NONA HENDRYX — JUST DO WHAT YA WANNA DO

I've seen Nona Hendryx and Propaganda three times in the last two months and each time has been better than the last. The most recent outing was in a small downtown club, and was one of those rare joy out occasions when band and crowd communicate on a more "real" level than the usual going through the motions that passes for a rock experience. And everyone, including the performers, seemed to recognize that it was a special night. There's no real point in my discussing the songs, since so few of them are in disc, but they were one of the most rewarding moments since — well, since Marianne Faithfull sang *Working Class Hero* the week before.

Roadrunner looks at just about all the Australian albums and mini-albums released in 1982.

JO JO ZEP

Chia
(Mushroom)

Joe Camilleri has been about for pretty long (as an R & B singer), but when The Talcons released an eponymous disk in '78 they cracked the Australian charts. Chia is the most interesting work under Scarsdale's flag, infused with Latin soul, disco funk and funk. The album contains just the best (called the excellent "Walk On By") AB

FLASH AND THE PAN

Headlines
(Liberty)

Basic rhythm of primitive ideas, slight lyrical and simple constructions overlaid with dry, repetitive melodic lines. AB

THE SPORTS

All Sports
(Washington)

The now defunct rockabilly band before it's time. Their last two albums were by far their best work... where each song was full of fresh melodies, shimmering beats and simple lyrics.

REVIEWERS KEY

AB — Arsh Brown
CR — Donald Robertson
CMP — Craig M. Pearce
LB — Larry Bellmore
TC — Toby Chuchuz
BC — Ben Chisholm
JH — Josh Hoffmann
AR — Adrian Ryan
ER — Earl Grey
Span — Span.

later material such as Black Bookings for Chelsea depicts lyrical and retorting delivery seems lacking. Unnecessary. This collection of singles, album cuts and rarities is the best possible Sports collection imaginable. AB



HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS

Hunters and Collectors
(New Line)

An experiment on the last main stage, but almost impossible to listen to all the way through due to the Hunter's main stream soundtrack... Their experimentation of style is in the correct mood. (Although it isn't a force). Best track, "Mister Chant" is actually on the bonus CD. Single. DB

AUSTRALIAN CRAWL

Sons of Beaches
(GMA)
**

After the sophistication of The Boys Light Up and Stereo, the Crawl engaged top pop producer Mike Chapman to bring their sound down to its low level. Reprising. DB

Downs would. His melodies are infectious and the material is populated by unassuming and endearing characters. Little Heavens are the underbelly of romantic. AB

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Washburn Revolution
Conan
(Mushroom)
**

A triple album moment of last February's Woodstock on the Yarn (loosely packaged but, with very few exceptions none of the tracks appear to be used) then studio streams. DB

SAINTS

Cashback
(New)

The whole range of the Saints output is on this album, from the shiny Irish-style folk rock to the Chuck Berry-style. Come On! (a long time and a bit more of the album). The album recorded in February but not released until the end of the year. DB

CHEETAH

Roguish Roll Women
(Athena)

In a nutshell, this is a great rock and roll album. Lynskey and Chiswick Hammond have great voices. The album is not lost in a hard-rocking rock and roll sound, giving a taste of the band's and young melodic sensibility. DB

RUPERT-B

Four young pianists and guitar from the plush north shore suburbs of Sydney. AB

NEW ALBUM

JOIN THE WINNERS' CIRCLE

ENZ-ERA

SPLIT ENZ



BILLY FIELD

Try Biology
(WBA)

Another dose of slick, swing from the single-eyed warbler. **D**

CONNOR

Saint Of Love
(WBA)

At once Aussie-American hybrid, indie-tradition of Richard Claydon and The Dogen. While there is no doubt that the Gaerney's signature Australian has the admirable sentiments of a country singer in their chore musical framework. Already, they are quite possibly another year. At work in the making. **D**

PAUL MORGAN

Paul Morgan
(Laser)

An album of classic rock. And then a bonus, delivered with rockers and swinging guitar. **C**

ORIGINAL CAST

Dingo Girl Soundtrack
(Laser)

And, sometimes easily but a lovely patchy collection of tracks. Humour and style, both there. But if you don't watch the show (Ringside Show) comes to the back of it, probably doesn't make a lot of sense. **D**

ESSEXDON AIRPORT

Release
(Interscope)

The sound of jaffa rolling down a theatre aisle. **D**

WARD 13

Too Much Talk
(Mercury)

Dull seventeen guitar based rock music from Sydney. **A**

UN TABU

Un Tabu-EP
(Lambert)

Spiritless and bland rockist from Tynes. **D**

**THE REELS**

Beautiful
(Laser)

And it is like the Beatles and more with a touch of classic rock. A very good album. **A**

MONITORS

Back From Our Recent
Business
(Festival)

Two producer team with an album of hits. **A**

MARK COLLEPIE

Seven Kingdom
(Whisper)

Collepie's latest is backed by his own band. Keyboards and guitars in lounge room funk. Dylan track. But as an album, it's not a bad one. It's a good one. **A**

IGNITERS

EP
(Laser)

A rapid succession of the Allentons and PDS. The arrangements could have shown a bit more imagination, still it's good for working up or playing at the height of some society party. **D**

ION ENGLISH

Beating The Boards
(Mercury)

Perhaps a little monotonous after all four sides have been played through. One of the highlights is the powerful ballad "Unfinished Business". **A**

GARY YOUNG AND THE ROCKING EMUS

(Laser)

This is a good solid and simple album. It's not a good one, but it's a good one. **A**

MINNYBOY

Individual
(Mercury)

Minnyboy's new album is a good one. It's a good one. **A**

NEW ALBUM

JOIN THE WINNERS' CIRCLE



Barry Manilow

ARISTA

THE GREATEST SINGERS OF THE 20TH CENTURY

records & tapes



THE SHERBS

Shaping Up
(Razze)

Former teeny bop dancers doing up their usual old songs about dull little girls.
AB

THE KEVINS

Club Room
(Whit Label)

Simple pop with pretty words. The Kevins lack fire.
AB

THE HITMEN

It Is What It Is
(RCA)

Longest-serving Radio Virginians offshoot, still sounding an unflashy but solid sound.
AB

DO-RE-MI

Do Re Mi
(Green)

Recorded before this Au Pair-ish banding lineup took to playing live, Social commentary lyrics and the song "Dance On Wires" attracted much alternative media attention. The recording is unusually stark and sparse. It was recorded on a four-track recorder and the live-upcludes former Thought Criminals guitarist Stephen Phillips.
AB

SILENT MOVIE

Silent Movies
(Polygram)

A band in the streets.
OR

MOTHER GOOSE

This Is The Life
(Parlo)

A band out of time.
OR

ROCK DOCTORS

Now Hear This
(Mushroom)

Close your eyes and you're immediately in the Station Hotel, Chapel St, Fushan. Hot and heavy blues rock.
OR

DD SMASH

Cool Bananas
(Mushroom)

Incredibly ordinary.
OR

ROSE TATTOO

Scarred For Life
(Alberts)

Lead, clean and solid, subtle, moving back a roll.
OR



JIMMY AND THE BOYS

In Hell We Live (You Motherfucker)
(Amen)

Learn to mother and do this in your unpleasant without any at all.
OR

TACTIS

The Bones of Barry Harrison
(Jannus)

A stiffness that would have been better left in the clinic.
OR

JEWEL BLANCH

Saved All The Ghosts Away
(CBS)

Gentle Country sagas for lonely young girls.
AB

HEAVEN

Twilight Of Mankind
(Deluxe)

Manche, Mad Max certified Adelaide band who are both unapologetic and unashamed AC/DC clones. Heaven's real control rests with its management which has complete hiring and firing authority at line-up time. The band is expanded.

Heaven
AB

MIDNIGHT OIL

The Great Escape
(Jannus)

One of the great things about Midnight Oil is the way they combine passion with intelligence. Their music is a combination of their most subtle and their most direct, offering to date and a new sound. It is still a very good record.

It is a pity that the band's time in the UK, the whole thrust of their music was completely dismantled into its individual components and then reassembled in a different way. This is a very definitely Midnight Oil record, it's unlike any other band's. Midnight Oil is the OR.

THE CULCH

Cherry Radio
(Polygram)

A limited edition of new recordings with Steve Kilbey's haunting love and misanthropic songs superbly captured by Rob Clemons. A mature and original work.
OR

DON WALKER

Freedom
(DFA)

Young and oddly comic, mainly instrumental soundtrack album from Cold Earth's piano man, Varnus Chelms, 1983. Michael Hutchence contribute to a collection of tracks that more than stands up on its own merits. Shame the movie was so bad.
OR

SPLIT ENZ

Time and Tide
(Mushroom)

Very much a positive reflection of the time with Tim Finn (again) taking his soul on the album standards, "Sea Monks In A Lazy Boat" and "Wind Away" and the two getting into a bit of social comment in "Small World". The folk component provides an interesting parallel with STE's English Settlement, which Hugh Fothergill also produced.

RICHARD CLAPTON

The Last Best One (hard)
Clapton
(Reprise)

Like Australian rock and rollers of the 1960s, Clapton's seventies was prepared for more than just take it on the coast. West Coast rock style you can be a nice australophile, just wanting to give the crowd everything you've got, understanding that the money and quality of US dollars isn't the same.

THE RUDD AND THE NEWBERRS

The
(Mushroom)

These two who still watch vinyl, a new record.

INXS

Shaboo Shaboo
(SWA)

Their best album to date, consolidating their high standing among Australian groups. The album is consistently high quality and contains their best single "Don't Give Up".

DR

PEL MEL

Out Of Reach
Capri

Clearly built for inner city dance.

DR

MIGHTY GUYS

Be Cool Be Smart
(Festival)

Competent but basically un-inspired rockabilly.

DR



NEW RICE

The end of the Line
SWA

A band who's puzzled but don't stop trying the four tracks down here basically a typical western band. The tunes of the British South Club - Burn My Porcelain.

DR

MONDO ROCK

Mundo Mondo
SWA

Super packaging of a disk and smooth bunch of songs.

DR

CREAKY JACKS

Little Heat Attacks
(Moving)

The Creakies have shown a real love for recording period pieces over the last ten years or so. The Creakies not only capture the live tradition of rock & roll when they bring vigour and new life to this brand of 1950's music they choose to work with TC.

GOTHAM CITY

Radioactive
(Roulette)

Polished adult rock with a rock between Al Stewart and

Warren Zevon - a ladder for the more night-time army.

AB

NERO

Lord In The Dust
(Isquared)

Vapid mood pieces from the Brisbane desert.

AB

THE CLEAN

Nozzle Nozzle Nozzle
(Flying Nun)

Sharp and intriguing new New pop.

GO-BETWEENS

Send Me A Lullaby
(Moving)

Sell conscious and evocative pop.

DR

BLAM BLAM BLAM

Blam Blam Blam
(Propellor)

Blam Blam Blam are a very casual group whose songs have a strong and collage sound to them. They throw their collective energy into the maintenance of a steady strong beat, full of deliberately slipped short and sharp edges thrown like knives. Sometimes they hit, sometimes they miss, sometimes they just nack the corners of your carabobs and make you sweat.

Spot

LISA BADE

Suspicion
(SWA)

Australian answer to Jane Jagger, without a weight problem but too late.

AB

NEW ALBUM

JOIN THE WINNERS' CIRCLE



ULTRAVOX



Chrysalis

ALBET

recording & tapes



Roadrunner 57



THE POLICE
SYNCHRONICITY
 "THE POLICE'S FOURTH ALBUM, 'SYNCHRONICITY', IS A MAJOR WORK OF ART. IT'S A PERFECT FUSION OF ROCK, POP, AND FOLK. IT'S A MASTERPIECE OF MUSIC." — JIMMY KESNER, *Rolling Stone*



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THEY PLAY WHERE YOU PLAY!



GREAT MUSIC ON CASSETTE FROM EMI

NO FIXED ADDRESS

From My Eyes
(Rough Diamond)

Truly Australian sounding record by the Aboriginal artist led by singer, singer and drummer Bill Wrigglesley. While oppression of the Aboriginal people is mixed with reggae, country and 70s guitar riffs and indigenous. A rare example of a successful mix of music and serious politics.
AB

LAUGHING CLOWNS

Mr. Ullrich Schmucklich Goes To Town
(Prince Melton)

An all star painted coupling of embraced every place, gals, in merriment and punning music in motion. On that record the Clowns before, most probably effective than the deep heard them before. The Clowns are laughing, blunder and make me funny and more excitedly than anyone around right now.
CNP

WILDLIFE DOCUMENTARIES

(JL Squared)

Band was led by the original Soviet drummer for May. Their music was limited to the music of Sydney and Melbourne. With a mix of music and alternative music. Music reflecting and a lot of different, with a slight jazz influence. Appears of the band was the two. Music (JL) is a mix of music up into the year.
AB

JO KENNEDY AND CAST

Stardust
(Debut Record)

All light and frothy, like the film.
DB

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Rockin' Australia Live
(Debut Record)

A very good concept, probably aimed at those too young to gain admission to hotels.
DB



HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS

Rayland
(White Label)

This white Rayland produced mix album is their most fully realized effort to date. However has cleaned up the sound remarkably by giving the different elements more separation, and 'Too Thick' and 'Drop Tank' manage to avoid the monotony that marred the previous of three. 'Low Truck' in particular displays an unprecedented will to begin to experiment.
DB

BOYS

Inside The Cage
(Parade)

A suburban garage's dream, full of sound and fury but upholding nothing.
DB

REDGUM

Out To The Quick
(Gael)

More album than Redgum return to their folk-influenced roots, creating a more totally successful fusion with rock n' roll amplification. New member Hugh McDermott sings in with a traditional ballad, but the standout is John McEwen's winning portrait of a King's Cross prostitute, 'Working Girl'.
DB

SWANNEE

This Time It's Different
(RMA)

A well crafted album of high musical quality which somehow didn't spark the general public into mass acts of acquisition. Unfortunately the subtle melody on a well done show-up on stage where things were definitely 'where were, thank you again'. Still worth a listen how even.
DB

DIVINYLS

Monkey Grip
(RMA)

The only band since The Dargons to achieve successful radio pop music with exotic names and toughness.
AB

DECKCHAIRS OVERBOARD

Harvest

Deluxe new album of considerable merit from a rising rock band. Group of university students. Music is shared equally and they defy the laws of the compulsory front person with some success. Producer Cameron Allen delivers a glitch but this.
AB

NEW ALBUM

JOIN THE WINNERS' CIRCLE



DIONNE WARWICK

ARISTA

12000

records & tapes



COLD CHISEL

Circus Animals

(WEA)

Unmistakably Australian, they roared in their Australian rock, and went to capture a lot of the hard edge of this country without pretending or overdoing it. **B**

DYNAMIC HEPNOTICS

Strange Land

(Moscow Label)

It's very difficult for a red-hot R&B outfit to make it in the big, cold jungle, but the Hepnotics, with the help of Russ, the ill-fortunate manager to Captain at least some of their live singing and stay-on-the-merit, **B**

B

PAUL KELLY AND THE DOTS

Melinda

(Polygram)

Kelly possesses a bedonkably enthusiastic voice in the vein of Little Richard. This second album is less commercial, less tight and not as structured as its predecessor. The arrangements are almost informal and the songs progress lazily. It doesn't get the chart single *Blue And Well*, unexpected if the album has found popular approval. **B**

B

NUMBERS

39 51

(Deluxe)

A largely misunderstood band with the uncompromising approach of many influences: the Jam and The Band. To their credit, but counter to their chances, they have resisted pop-music marketing of target audiences. Instead, unlike typical entertainment people, they choose to stand solely by the merits of their music. **A**

A

ICEHOUSE

From Three Men

(Regular)

Other derivative but consummately executed pop that crosses the line and abuts the markets. Apart from the masterful *Carat South* from David, his lyrics really do stand as if written in the last minute of the studio. Aside from the fact that he had

seduced the band and recorded almost the entire album alone. **A**

SCATTERED ORDER

PRAT Culture

(Squash)

Very much like the german band Can, who recorded in the colors and textures of old German music, except that this concept music emanates from the depths of heavy R&B, jazz-influenced jazz. The mostly instrumental sound collages pass for sound-track music. **A**

A



UGITES

No Money

(Rough Diamond)

Miss U? No Money is first wimpier than either of their previous albums, however, Graham's not ruling. The writing of advertising people continues to deny the Ugites any chance of becoming anything other than a poor man's ABBA. Lead singer Dido Butler's slightly plain charisma to give them that Scandinavian accent. **B**

SERIOUS YOUNG INSECTS



Homebaking

(Major Tropic)

Debut album for the quirky and clever Melbourne three some didn't really find a receptive audience, but it's a worthy first offering. **B**

YOUNG HOMEBUYERS

Young Homebuyers

(Rough Diamond)

An anonymous debut album from a Melbourne-based R&B-style pop band. The content varies from lightening danceables to reflective light ballads. A sense of humorous intent and the occasional excellent line gives the simple almost Waterson pop songs substance. **B**

B

WENDY AND THE ROCKETTS

Live

(Polygram)

Gilly voiced Wendy Stapleton and her subliminal-sounding, gas-saturated, pop-rock Rocketts captured the work of the atmosphere, previously unknown on their studio recorded singles. The single girl kept their lay-motivated downbeat (other than suggest that Wendy is Bruce Cefer's legs) all accessible and that she can write her own material. **A**

A

MEO 245

Bliss Of Passage

(Mercury)

Barth Bacharach meets the Mod. Also a second album is a lot more obvious than their first. Paul Northern's voice and guitar possess the long edge means (and of Brian Kelly). However, the band is more orderly and melodic than The Masters. **A**

A

HOME ON THE ROAD

FICTION by Andrew Mills



ILLUSTRATION: PHILLIP REED

It was time to be gone. Of that, there was no question. In the city, it could be said that the writing was on the wall. And it would be. Out here in the pastoral regions, walls were few and far between, and there was little to be learnt, even from those that were to be found.

It had been explained to me that my services were no longer required. A redundant station hand. At twenty three! I should have finished my degree, as my mother continues to point out, and become one of the mythical Photostaphus lawyers. I'm told they find it hard to find them a job these days too. To be honest, my redundancy was a merciful release from an unbelievably stagnant social puzzle, from which no new life could be encouraged to evolve. Let alone be forcibly created.

First to part the old moors, portable as flexible, into a misty lake content. With my customary desire for goodness, I nevertheless endure the face-well trials, and depart the station compound, my home for the last two months. Leaving past the landmarks that had become as familiar as suburban street signs, I modified blingphaneous photographs into the blaseless countryside. Ripped all again by opaqueous lemniscates of industry. Forever ungrateful, these people. Assuming command in the absence of the corporate body, the

NEW ALBUM

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P BENATAR J



Chrysalis

records & more



Roadrunner 61

promotes are always on for a hard time, because the office hours are more vicious than their names.

I drove to my final destination. Farewell drinks with Maureen and Roy at Paradise. An unlikely venue for such an occasion. The place was the reverse of what its name implied. A desolate little hut named this place. However, it is a refreshing change of atmosphere to be sitting, drinking and talking with these two. We talk in "males" talk at the end of a working day about work and my lack of it. Straight ahead, a beautiful sunset materialized on the horizon, and to my left, the lights of Moama flickered on. We talked and passed the time comfortably, drinking here with the relics of errand school-boys in the shadow of guilt telegraphed by Roy's wife Les (Roy has had a drink for two months, no Les). Finally, and it was time to be gone from this place. Roy and Maureen took to their beds at the station, and me, to the road, that cuts across this country like a welt.

As I revisited the dance, I considered about the moments at which I was returning, hoping that it wouldn't be the one I left behind. The moon now distracted me from my monthly gonorrhea. The moon first appeared, as a bush like like emanation in the distance, and then slowly revealed itself as a deerskin cloth, floating above, like the Hindu Kites. The vista uncovered brought home to me what it was that I'm leaving behind. As if I needed reminding.

Still the road stretches before me, hazy into the future. I ponder the shadows of a deerskin as the stock grab and red signs flash past. If synchronicity were an aphorism with my trip, then I would converge on a friend, and I feel I would be going under my coat of my way. I had met this friend under similar circumstances the last time I made this trip. It seemed worth the risk, so I opted for the dance.

I drove through Blackrock a Pace and the wheel sleep fell. Upon arriving, I found a party in progress at what I know as Ray's old house, but not Ray. I wouldn't want to spend a week in this house either after my experience of country under life, so I sympathized with her, and returned to the claustrophobic confines of my crowded little Japanese vehicle.

I've tried and become bored with the night-time road. Satisfied at least that I've managed to avoid the traffic of Highway One but facing the lack of road side attention, I covered the rest of my distant horizon. Last conversation in last gratification of any kind and for this, I would surely be grateful. But not this night. It was cold, bitterly cold and my

eyeballs were sagging with weariness. There was nowhere to stop and spend money on that road, and I had no enthusiasm for pulling over to the roadside and slowly freezing, so I drove on.

I drove. It occurred in a half world of semi-consciousness, paying only superficial attention to the ghost town I appeared I was passing. First, the bigger country towns on this road were deserted at this hour, so it was with surprise that I noticed a petrol station in a hamlet with lights on in my stopper. I drove straight past, noticing that no one would be crazy enough to attempt business on this backroad, especially at such hours. No one else had thought it worth the effort, so why here? Maybe this was the proprietor's secret. But the lights were definitely on, so in desperation I turned around and found that, yes, the outstation was open.

Not only was the roadside open, but it had people about, about seven. I brought petrol and talked with the proprietor. He had a curious accent, vaguely Post European, but very hard to place.

"Are you still serving coffee?" I asked, an understatement of pleading in my tone.

"Yes, the coffee has gone home but I can make you a cup of coffee, if you would like to wait a little while," he replied.

Great. I sighed. "Have you got a large coffee?" I asked.

"What do you mean, a large coffee?" he asked.

"A mug, a large cup, yeah?" I murmured, generalizing what I thought was the appropriate cup language.

"Oh, I don't like these things, mugs you call them — no, we don't have mugs here. This is not that sort of place. If you want, I can give you two cups for eighty cents," he offered.

I consented. It seemed a reasonable compromise as I lived with the proprietor inside the roadside. In fact for my coffee.

Agree from the headlines in the newspaper, displayed on a low counter by the door, this roadside was a place where I had wanted to go in Australia at the last decade. The only wall decorations were poster advertisements for Coca Cola, Choco rolls, chocolate bars, ice creams and cigarettes. In the dining area, partitioned from the other half of this house, stood about two tables with their companion green vinyl chairs, all empty.

I sat down, looked around and noticed a old glass-fronted shop refrigerator that suggested the dining area from the serving area. The old refrigerator was filled with colorfully dressed hand-made dolls of various sizes. All the dolls

were female. Some appeared to be dressed in national dress light vibrant uniforms, while others were in more glamorous apparel. The display did not match with the other surroundings.

While I waited, I felt a strong wash of impressions flow through me. It was as if my dulled consciousness had become sensitized to such feelings, that, in a more normal state of mind would be ignored, as absorbed without detection — Loveless, resignation, nothingness — ordered dimensions of human existence, — errors in a work ethic, a dark part of stories untold and gladly forgotten. As I attempted to reconcile this impressionistic mirage, my coffee was delivered in silence.

As the man bent and placed the cups in front of me, explaining in the process the location of the sugar bowl and spoon, I studied him. His face was friendly, as was his manner, interested but not intrusive. I looked for indications of the source of the impressions I felt so strongly seconds before, but there were none forthcoming. The proprietor returned to the purity of his kitchen, leaving me to drink my coffee alone. For some reason I expected conversation, about the state of the world, but no. This was not included in the price. I drank and thought, and waited to be gone. Having finished the lukewarm second cup, I picked up the cups and saucers, and walked there towards the counter.

As I placed the saucers on the counter I looked up and was struck by a three dimensional structure, framed in the doorway of the proprietor peering himself a beer over an opened newspaper. And the LUDON, the look on the man's face was devastated. This private viewing returned me to the impressions which had startled me earlier. I have seen that face before, on the living and the dead. It is a haunted, haunting look. It is the look on the face of the woman in the painting by Degas called *L'Abandon*.

I walked quickly, as if this event was one that I had no right to witness. My presence was unexpected, and I walked nervously under to attract his attention. My restless return. He accepted the payment, but not looking at me, engrossed in the magic of his catch-up. I noticed he was a little drunk. He smiled, and gestured farewell, returning to his beer and newspaper in his kitchen, his home on the road, and I left his front room looking surrounded by the coffee, bewitched by my encounter. Again it was time to be gone. Again there was no question. I no longer felt under an about returning to a family environment. I stood on his side lawn, and was glad to be going.

BLACK POWER

The dream of December's new releases if all black, you can find white throats pale from imitations for the moment, and back your ear to the source. Funk, sex, groove, smooth, these dudes and dudettes have got the whole scene wrapped up with a big black bow.

Take Marvin Gaye for example. Been a little quiet since his magnificent early seventies run (what's Cole? Oh, I missed it through *The Ghettoese*, etc.) but his new platter, *Midnight Love*, featuring the red-hot single "Sexual Healing," finds him once again at the height of his considerable powers.

As well as putting his magnificent vocal chords through their paces, Gaye demonstrates the pleasures of total control by writing, arranging and producing the whole album which was recorded in a piecemeal fashion in studios in Belgium, Germany and California. With Gaye playing all synthesizers and keyboards as well, the only other musician on the album is one Gordon Banks, who provides guitars, bass and drums.

Typically pleasurable as a listening treat or a slow dancing hip swivel, *Midnight Love* is a must for lovers everywhere.

I suppose it is possible to sit still while Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards of Chic strut their stuff, but it takes more self-control than I can muster. Ever since they exploded onto the scene with *Traffic* and *Good Times* (which by the way, Quincy's Machinists cover suggestively) these hunkies have been anxious to teach *Chick* for sheer funk and "Tongue In Cheek" done that little maintenance that reputation.

Prince is the well-adjusted master of black sexual funk. His first love called the new *Love Symbol Album*, but on his latest (October 1985) he reminds me more of a young black Spengler — the same obsession with love, cars, freedom — except where Spengler's songs often sound like they were written in cars, Prince's songs sound like they were written in bed.

With Prince, sexuality is unshamed and explicit and direct. The croons moans and other vocalizations of the sexual act are the crucial components of almost all his songs. Rather than viewing his guitar as a phallic symbol, I would venture to suggest that Prince regards his phallus as a musical instrument in its own right.

Michael Jackson's latest *Thriller* is very much a slick and smooth exercise, using very considerably (completely left) on the pop/rock borderline. Like the Beatles' beautiful, perfect accompaniment to a romantic dinner, candlelight and wine, but unfortunately no monster dance tracks in the vein of *Dust* or *Stop*.

After the system, diamond sharp *Nightclubbing* (new album of 81 by N.W.A.) Grace Jones follows up "Living My Life" it, as the title suggests, a more personal record. For a start

there are no cover versions here. Grace writes, or so wrote all the material. The tightly controlled image, "feels like a woman looks like a man" is mixed enough to allow as a perk witless, and not surprisingly "Living My Life" is as a result a significant number of dangers warmer than its predecessor. With My and Robbie at the controls again a different sound that different, the rhythms are definitely Congolese, but "Living My Life" is a very positive step for the lady with all the angles.

And last but certainly not least a treat for the ears. Diana Turner's 1972 version of *State of Independence* is two minutes and fifty seconds of business. Produced by the mighty Quincy Jones, backing vocals by Michael Jackson, Steve Wonder, Donna Warwick, Kenny Rogers, Michael McDonald (Doobie Brothers), and about ten others and a vocal performance by the lady herself that is nothing short of causticomic. Hear it!

Donald Robertson





***WISHING YOU AND GIVING
YOU
THE BEST FOR '83.***



HOME GROWN